A[illegible] Flaccus

HIS

SATYRES

Translated into English,

By

BARTEN HOLYDAY,

Master of Arts, and Student of

CHRIST-CHVRCH in

OXFORD.

And now newly by him reviewed and amended.

Hinc trahe quæ dicas, mensamq; relinq; Mycenis
Cum capite & pedibus.

LONDON
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10 Sept. 64 Dawson

To the Reader.

IVdicious Reader (for to Thee as to a Iuſt PATRONE, I make my Dedication) with the trueſt ingenuitie I ſubmit theſe my endeuours, the not-vnprofitable recreations only of ſeuerer ſtudies. To excite thy attention, I may without ambition ſay it is a New thing, *Perſius* Vnderſtood. When firſt I entertayned the attempt, I was oppoſed by ſeeming-inſuperable difficulties: The labouring to Apprehend, to Expreſſe

the ſenſe of my Author: the reconciling of contrary Expoſitions: the finding out the order of his paſſages, grounded on a natural, but much concealed dependancy of his precedent and ſubſequent matter: the endeuouring to render him with breuity, perſpicuity and his Owne Strength: Laſtly, the imputation of vn-neceſſary Criticiſmes of ſome Interpreters from whom on iuſt reaſon I ſometimes depart.

And that in this point I may ſtand cleere from the priuate ſurmiſe of ſome tacite Cenſurer: I will ſhew vnto thee, among many, two onely of their curioſities, and thoſe in the front of the worke.

The firſt is about the word *Prolui*, which ſome would haue to be here vſed, to ſignifie, that the Poet had modeſtly wet his lips in *Hippocrene*, but neuer endrench'd them, or dranke deepe

deepe thereof. I grant that the word in the originall Can beare that ſenſe; but that it doth in This place, I confidently deny. And ſtand confirmed by this reaſon: becauſe the Poet Satyrically Derideth thoſe, that attributed the facultie of poetrie to ſo inſufficient and vaine a cauſe, as the drinking of that Well was. (He himſelfe afterwards confeſſing, ironically, his Owne skill to be Conſtrayned: howſoeuer, not proceeding from ſo Fond a cauſe) and therefore in the like ſort preſently after, hee ſaith (if the Critiques had obſerued it) that hee neuer ſlept on *Parnaſſus*: which was alſo held as another cauſe of the poetique facultie. Where, with reaſon, as good as theirs, one might ſay, He neuer ſlept Soundly or Snorted on that hill, but had lightly taken a gentle nap. The parts of the ſimilitude hold an equall proportion: and then I referre the ridicu-

lous curiositie to the secret smile of the Iudicious.

The second is about the next word *Caballino*: with which, according to Their exposition, the epithet which in my translation I giue to *Pegasus*, may seeme somewhat to straine curtesie; inasmuch as it implyeth the swiftnesse (and so by consequent the praise) of the horse, to which it is (iustly) applyed: when as They would haue it to bee vsed in the disgrace of the vaine Poets, which are here derided. Deriuing so the ignominy of the word *Caballus*, from the Well to the Persons: implying Them to be base pack-horse Poets. A pretty, but imposed meaning, if farther enquired into. For if the Poet vse this word especially for that reason, it might seeme (me thinks) that he did forget what horse he himselfe meant: there being as great difference between *Pegasus* a winged horse, and

and *Caballus* a pack-horſe, as well-nigh could be betweene two creatures of one kinde. But if they once come to Coniectures, I may aſſume the like liberty to interpoſe Mine alſo; And then I Could thinke (which, I wonder, the Critiques did not ſee) that the Poet vſed this word before others, for a moſt naturall & ſtrong reaſon drawn from the *Etymologie* of the word *Caballus*; which, as *Iſidore* in his *Originals* hath it, *Lib.* 12. *cap.* 1. is deriued, *à cauando: propter quòd gradiens vngulâ impreſsâ terram concauet, quod reliqua animalia non habent*; And then who ſeeth not how excellently the hiſtorie of *Pegaſus* is intimated in this word? This *Etymologie* is much ſtrengthned by the letter *v* changed into *b*. For in the Moderne languages which haue drawne their originall from the *Latine*, we ſee the *v* ſtil retayned, as in the Italian and Spaniſh *Cauallo*, & in the French *Cheval*;

val; and which may bee obſerued, Theſe words in none of theſe Modern languages imply any diſgrace, but are generally attributed to all Horſes; Nay, from theſe wordes are drawne Titles of dignitie, as *Cavaliero*, in the Italian, *Cheualier* in the French, and *Cavallero* in the Spaniſh.

But (that I may follow them no farther in theſe their wandring ſpeculations) to ſpeake freely: I thinke the Poet neither thought as They thinke, nor as I ſhew how I Could thinke, and thinke as well as They. I am perſwaded that more is picked out of theſe Poets, then they themſelues euer meant. For indeede when a Satyriſt, through the heate of his loue to Vertue, is ſet on fire to ſee the deſperate ſecuritie of prophaneneſſe: the furie of his paſſion doth ſo tranſport him: that there is no time left for the placeing or diſplacing, chooſing or reie-

cting

cting of ſome particular word: but as moſt commonly their paſſions are vneuen, rough, and furious: ſo is that alſo which they write being in this poeticall perturbation.

The difficulties which I haue here ſet downe, were by my peculiar affection to This Author, at laſt all ouercome. I haue not herein bound my ſelfe with a ferularie ſuperſtition to the letter: but with the ancient libertie of a Tranſlator, haue vſed a moderate paraphraſe, where the obſcuritie did more require it: yet ſo, that with all conuenient poſſibilitie, I ſtick vnto his Wordes. To haue added large Annotations, had beene but to tranſcribe a Commentarie or a Dictionarie. Such briefe ones notwithſtanding, as without which, the ſenſe could not be ſufficiently explicate, yet could not be well inſerted into the Text; with all compendious perſpicuitie I haue adiected

iected in the Margine: prefixing Arguments to euery Satyre.

From the affected obſcuritie, wherwith this Author hath hitherto laboured, I cannot altogether quit him, yet doubtleſſe, it, in part, proceeded from the want of Libertie, which in his deſperate times, was altogether loſt; though, I confeſſe, He durſt ſay Somewhat.

As for My labours: I much abhor ſo ſickly an impotency, as to ouerweane my ſelfe with a conceit of mine owne worke; though, if my beſt friends tell me truth, It may beare a Iudge. But howſoeuer; If the truely Iudicious (who are alwayes attended with Perſpicacity, and a milde cenſure that true Exciter of promiſing ingenuities) ſhall courteouſly accept it: I am Crown'd: and hauing thus finiſhed this worke of an Others inuention, I may be excited to a ſecond and more liberall

liberall attempt of mine owne.

But if any Left-handed *Pythagorians* (who enforce Writers now adayes as the Ancients did their Comœdians, to vſe in ſtead of Prologues expreſſing their Arguments, Apologies againſt the malicious) ſhall ſiniſterly accept, what is courteouſly offered: I onely wiſh them the other good quality of the *Pythagorians*, *Silence*. For the ouerſights which I may be perchance conuinced of (as the pureſt eye ſeeth not its owne blemiſhes, but by reflection) I will, being ſhewed them, with free ingenuity confeſſe: and doubt not of pardon; hauing two ſo good Sollicitors in the eye of any, but moderately courteous; Mine Owne Infancy (in reſpect of any Maturity of iudgment) and the vnacquainted difficulty of my attempt. To haue cõmitted No faults in my Tranſlation, had beene to Tranſlate

ſlate My Selfe, and put off Man.

What other faults Detracters would Make (by their Owne Reading, or Interpretation) let them know, they are committed not out of Ignorance, but Election, after a iuſt conſultation with more then a * Dozen Expoſiters. But why doe I in the Indiſcretion of Too-much humilitie, proſtrate my endeuours to the Tyrannie of the Ignorant: who ſtand Herein ſo Many degrees below the facultie of Iudging Cenſurers? If any in the procacity of baſer malice (rayſed commonly from a deſpaire of Imitation) ſhall proceed farther vnto contumelies: I ſhall not neede, as ſome doe (though I approue Their courſe alſo) to arme my ſelfe with a confidence of Religion; I will not put it to the ſtreſſe: nor againſt the ſtroke of ſo leaden a Sword, vſe the protection of ſo golden a Shield

* *Cornutus. Author veterum Gloſſarum. Murmellius Vinetus. Pithoeus. Marcilius. Foquelinus. Tornorupæ Lubinus. Caſaubonus Friſchlinus. Bondus. Farnabius.*

Shield. A little assum'd Stoicisme
shall serue the turne; and with a
Secure Contempt, I'le let
them Scoule alowd
Vn-heard.

Farewell.

Thine

Barten Holyday.

A

LETTER OF A IVDICIOVS FRIEND requested by the Author to deliuer his Censure on his TRANSLATION.

MAster B. H. *I haue read your smooth translation of rough* PERSIVS, *and send it home to you with my Censure (such you wish) ingenuously free. I will deale Iustly with you Now, Friendly at Other times. In My iudgement,*

when you conuerſed in this familiar and friendly manner with PERSIVS *his* Satyres, *your wit ſtooped farre below the eleuation of its owne worth. But as* Scaliger *ſaid of* Claudian *and his workes,* Solo argumento ignobiliore oppreſſus addit de ingenio, quantum deeſt materiæ: (Lib.6.cap.5. Poetic.) *So I of You and Your Poeme: Whatſoeuer is meane in your Author, is (me thinkes) ſo choiſely adorned by your* Genius: *that if it ſtand out of the preſence of Ignorance or deſperate Emulation, it may be Gracefull. Which I doe more heartily affirme, becauſe you haue Chaſtiſed your Poet with modeſt, yet*

ſigni-

ſignificant termes: where ſome ranke-breathed Interpreter would haue rendred him with a ſtrong ſauour of laſciuiouſneſſe. I know not now, what ſhould ſtay you from ſending it abroad, or Others from giuing it welcome entertaynment. If Old PERSIVS *were euer worth the hauing: yours, I doubt not, will be thought Well worth the reading; yet looke for Other cenſures and Neglect them.*

Farewell.

Your louing Friend,

IOHN LEY.

DArke Perſius, Ambroſe *threw thy booke on ground*
With indignation, 'cauſe 'twas ſo profound:
But now in Fathers *roome a* Child *is ſprung,*
That reades thy Satyres *in a vulgar tongue.*
No Ambroſe, *yet with ambroſe to be fed,*
That could ſo wiſely track where thou couldſt tred,
He takes away thy vayle, and makes that line
Tranſalpine, which the Romans *would confine:*
Now let thy wandring ſhaddow freely roue,
And ſeeke great place in the Eliſian *groue,*
Where ſince there's ſtore of Bay, for him one knit,
That makes the looſer Britaynes *feare thy wit.*
Needes muſt his owne *inuentions* radiant *be,*
That caſts ſuch beames *through* thy opacitie.
Hence-forth (bright HOLYDAY*) to change refuſe*
Thine Owne Terpſichore, *with tranſlated Muſe.*

IN *Latio* latuit *Saturnum* filius: *Aulum*
Sic poterat ſoboles iſta latere ſuum,
Ante tuas (HOLYDAIE) faces; hâc luce refulget
Pluribus, & cæco, tectior ante, patri.

Gymnasiarcha puer, festivus ludat vterque:
Per *Festum* vobis otia quanta *Diem*?

Nec fonte, &c. Nec in bic: &c.

Nunquam *Pegaseas* libauit *Persius* vndas,
Aut clausit docto lumina pigra iugo.
Nempe *tibi*, fontem laticesq; & culmina *Phœb*⁹
Seruârat: pleno dum satur ore mades. (das,
Quidve *Aul*⁹ traheret? cum sic *Helicona* refun-
Vt natet *Angligenis Itala* Musa labris.

Δαῖδα λέγω ἢ δαῖτα μέλος πόρφυρε μενοῖνα
Δαῖδα σκοτισθεῖσιν δαῖτα βλέποντι σαφῶς.

IOHN WALL.

Vpon the happy Translation of the *most difficult* SATYRIST, performed by his deare friend Mr. B. H.

I Sing the Cōquest, which an English *rime,*
With all its force nere won before this Time.
Who theght that there would extāt be th
That such stiffe sullen, hardy Romans can (*Man*
Subdue

Subdue, and with an hand learnedly fierce,
Binde in the fetters of a Britane *Verse?*
Yet here is one that doth: But not as those (those
That * changed shapes, *and* wandring Trojans
For to translate, with lines a mile in length,
Or Paraphrase that tyres. Such is his strength
And strictnesse, he his Author without wrong
Lodges in prisons but of fiue foot long.
Some *I haue knowne, that did Attempt the same*
Which that they Durst, it was their greatest fame,
But it was He, that could disdayne to stay
At this praise Margent, only to Assay:
He with impetuous and all-conquering wit
That only had the power to finish it.
For had They don't, I know they must haue left
Their grauer studies, and haue filcht with theft
Guilty of too much sacriledge, more howres,
Then time would lose; or else those sister powers
Inuoke to lend them Others liues, *to pluske*
A vessell with such Remora's *bestuske*
To wished shore. But as for Him, with strange
And easie haste, he did his Roman *change*
Without complaint of time: No serious part
Of learning murmur'd, that he did impart
Houres to the worke. For all this was begot
(I speake my conscience) *when it was his lot*

* Ouid. Metamor. Virg. Aeneid.

To be at Truce with ſtudie. Then iudge you
That ſhall vpon his happy paynes, a view
Beſtow, that ne're the Muſes Holy-dayes
Or times of leiſure, were with greater Prayſe,
Or Thrift, or Buſineſſe ſpent: and likewiſe ſince
He conquer'd hath ſo fierce a Latin *Prince*
Vnto the Rimes and Phraſes of Our tongue:
Decree that Bayes vnto his brow belong.

A. WHITE.

To his kinde Friend Maſter B. H. vpon his PERSIVS.

AS if in trauailes farre ingag'd, at laſt
Return'd, I gratulate thy labours paſt.
But when vnto thy wayes I turn mine eye,
Dangers obſcur'd with dangers I eſpy.
I think't a taske too great for humane ſleights,
Vngraueld or vndaſht to paſſe thoſe ſtreights.
Admiring thy chaſte notes, in which vnharm'd
The Syrens *luſtfull language thou haſt charm'd.*
That Art I loue, when as 'gainſt faith of ſenſe
By ſenſe of faith I ſee things flow from thence.

No-

Nor doe I (like to his ore'wheeling brayne)
PERSIVS *ſtill a cloud, imbrace in vayne;*
This's the ſubſtance giues Vice the fatall blow,
The others thunder few to feare doe know.
On enuy, ſummon all the vices ſpight:
Better they ſhould be conquer'd then not Fight.

R. WELDON.

Vnto his louing Friend Maſter B. H. vpon PERSIVS tranſlated.

(bold

THis worke me thinks makes my coniecture Annus
*T'affirme th'*Athenians *paradox is true,* Platonicus.
When by yeeres reuolution I behold
Men dead reuiue, things long ſince old, grow new.
For ſhould dead Rome *awake, & thoſe looſe times*
Which feard and felt this ſcourging Satyriſt,
Shee might againe in vs reuiew her crimes;
As fertile is Our age. Nor hath it miſt

The

The worſt of all her ills. Vainely we thought
Thy aſhes (PERSIVS) *Slept within thine vrne:*
Feard not thy laſh: hop't negligence had wrought
Thy lines worſe Funerall: & at length would turne
All to obſcurity; For how few did ſtriue
T' enlighten thy darke phraſe, vnleſſe ſome vice
Made an acute bad comment: So to thriue
And purchaſe perſpicuity, is a price
Thou would'ſt haue grieu'd to giue. Yet ſince in ill
We haue ere'tane paſt times: I muſt reioyce
That Conſtant induſtry ſhould get ſuch skill
As to tell vs our bad in PERSIVS *voyce:*
Whom now All vnderſtand: all may endure
To reade, but ſuch as would their crimes obſcure.

T. GOFFE.

To the Author his moſt loued Friend.

WHat None haue Dar'd, Thou haſt; and might'ſt againe
With praiſe, were it vndar'd. Did'ſt thou abſtaine

Yet

Yet longer, none would dare Thee to Prevent;
If any, what could breede thy more Content
Then, when by victory, thy glory should
Be doubled? yea, although recall some could,
From fields of rest, thy PERSIVS *to consult:*
Yet would no lesse praise from thy lines result,
Then that unparaleld, which now is due
From those that read thee. Who when they shal view
How truly with thine Author thou dost pace,
How hand in hand yee goe, what equall grace
Thou dost with him observe in every terme:
They cannot, but, if iust, iustly affirme:
That did your Times as doe your Lines agree,
He might be thought to haue translated Thee,
But that he's Darker, not so Strong; Wherein
Thy Greater art more clearely may be seene;
Which dost thy PERSIVS *clowdy stormes display*
With lightning and with thunder; Both which lay
Couched perchance in him, but wanted force
To breake, or light from darknesse to diuorce;
Till Thine Exhaled skill compress'd it so,
That forc'd the clowds to breake, the light to shew,
The thunder to be heard. That now each child
Can prattle what was meant: whil'st Thou art stil'd
Of all, with titles of true dignity,
For Lofty Phrase, and perspicuity.

I. KNIGHT.

To the Author his very good Friend.

RE-liuing Perſi°, *daies-birth, Heir of fame:*
I wrong not Perſi°, *giuing Thee His name;*
If any, I wrong Thee, for what He did
Had'ſt Thou him not Illuſtred, had beene hid.
This *being but thy* Pedeſtall *of prayſe,*
Oh what a Pyramis *will thy* Next *worke rayſe!*
True Laureat, with bleſt Omens goe thou on;
All-imitable, imitating none.
I ſpeake not this (nor need'ſt thou it) of Fauour.
But as one conſcious of thy Great workes labour.
My tongue was neuer oyl'd i' th' baſe claw-art.
In Others reade thou Wit, in Me my Heart.

W. W.

To his learned Friend Mr. B. H. vpon his iudicious translation of PERSIVS.

WHat lay impriſon'd, and confin'd alone
Only to deeper apprehenſion;
Thy more benigne, ſublim'd, tranſcendent (wit
Hath reacht, and conquer'd, & imparted it.
And giu'n't to al, which makes it more thine owne
Since all are Heires of that inuention.
Nor doth one iot, ſo ſweet congruity,
Adulterate the Latin *chaſtity,*
All things conſeru'd, ſo terſe, ſo nothing loſt,
As if thou didſt conſult with th' Authors Ghoſt;
Such height, ſuch ſacred indignation
As ſeemes a PERSIVS, *no Tranſlation.*
On, learned Quill; thus vindicate thy name
From times prowd Iniury, Traytor to fame:
Nor ſuffer yet, that Italy *ſo long*
Should make her Vice ſpeak Engliſh, *not her tong.*
Whip back her Baſtards, ſend them home to Rome,
Let her that was their Parent, be their tombe.
Meane while I dare Congratulate our Crimes
Made happy that they could produce theſe Rimes.

T. G.

Aulus Perſius Flaccus

HIS

SATYRES.

The Prologue.

ARGVMENT.

Need and not Inſpired skill
Makes our Author trie his quill.

MY lippes did neuer touch the ſpring
Of the wing'd horſe: nor can I bring
To minde, that ere I dream'd vpon
Two-topt Parnaſſus, *that thereon*
I might be' Inſpir'd and So Vp-ſtart
A Poet by Infuſed art.

And all the Muſes *that doe dwell*
'Bout pale Pirene, *and the well*
Of Helicon, *to Thoſe I leaue,*
Vnto whoſe ſtatue's browes doth cleaue
The Iuy-greene incircling Crowne.
In humbleneſſe I halfe a Clowne
Doe onely bring this my rude line,
Vnto Apollo's *ſacred ſhrine.*
Yet blame me not for my bold deed:
Alas! I write enforc'd by need.*
Who taught the Parrot his kind Haile?
Who taught the Pie ſo to preuaile
To frame Our words? 'Twas but to fill
Their belly, maſter of their skill;
Which skilfull is to make them reach
Voices, which Nature cannot teach.
Nay; if there chance to ſhine but ſome
Hope, of deceitfull Gaine to come:
Crow-poets and poetique Pies
You'd thinke did chaunt ſweet ayries;
And make (when as they harſhly Crie)
A Pegaſcian *Melodie.*

* A ſatiricall Ironie *Perſius* was a Knight of *Rome* of ſufficien
wealth.

THE FIRTS SATYRE, IN FORME OF A *DIALOGVE.*

The Speakers { PERSIVS. / MONITOR.

ARGVMENT.

Inſpired poets Art and Pride
Our Satirist doth here deride.

P. O Cares of men! O emptie Vanitie (tires?
Of things! *M.* who'l read theſe Wondring Sa-

P. [a] Why? Dost Thou say so my Friend?
M. Faith I thinke none. (None?
P. How saist thou? None? *M.* Perchance some two, or- *P.*
M. Tis hard. *P.* Yet why? Left *Rome's* [b] *Polydamas*
And doutie *Troians* should preferre the asse
[c] *Labeo* before Mee? Tush; their false doome
Is but a trifle. If disturbed *Rome*
Proudly sleight any thing, scorne to descend
To Their Vaine censure: neither striue to mend
The tongue of thy false ballance in Their scale
Which is as wrong: but if thou'dst neuer faile
Know This: *To trie thy secret innocence,*
The surest witnesse is thy conscience.
For Who is Not at *Rome*? O that I might
But freely speake, yet speake no more then Right.
And So I May. Then, when I cast mine eie
On those whose Faces promise Grauitie:
On our sad *Stoickes*: on the things we doe
Since we left off to play with nuts: and view
Our actions, when we labour much to be

a *Out of the too abundant varietie of the interpunctions of these three verses following, I could find none more accurate, then this I haue extracted, and here vsed.* b *Ironically here the Poet cals* Nero Polydamas *who is much famoused by* Homer *in diuers places for his vertue, yea and compared with* Hector. Iliad. μ. c *A ridiculous Poet, that translated five Bookes of* Homers Iliads *into verse, word for word, with extreame obscuritie, and no lesse absurditie.*

Stern

Sterne Vnckles. Then! then! But, oh, pardon me,
I will not touch. Yet can I hold my peace
Vrg'd Thus? and from reuenge ſo Iuſt, Thus ceaſe?
I'me of a Scoffing ſpleene. I Loue to Flout
At Hypocrites: therefore it now Muſt out.
Then Thus.

Being immur'd from each mans ſight
In ſome obſcure retired place, we write
Some, eu'n-pac'd numbers, *Some* freefooted proſe,
Some weighty thing, which th' Author ſtrongly blowes
From his large-winded lungs. For he rehearſes
Vnto the people ſtraight his wel-pen'd verſes;
His haire being firſt kemb'd ſmooth, and then he dight,
In a faire comely garment freſh and white,
Wearing ſome precious jewell, which ſome friend
On's birth-day to him for a gift did ſend,
With moiſt'ning ſyrrope hauing clear'd his throat
Apt Now to ſound it in a various note.
Then is he reading in a ſeat on high,
Diſſolu'd vnto a luſtfull *Acting* eye.

Where thou maiſt ſee eu'n thoſe that beare the name
Of *Rome's* braue *Titi* (but vnto their ſhame)
To ſhake with trembling luſt, and to reioice
Obſcenely, with a broken skreaking voice
When a leud line their inward loines doth pierce,
And touch them with a luſt-prouoking verſe.

But thou Old Dotard, doſt Thou ſtriue to ſeed
Other men's eares? nay, Theirs who without heed
Or moderate diſcretion praiſe thee ſo,
That (skinne-peel'd Aſſe!) thy ſelfe doſt firſt cry, Hoe?
[d] Why did I learne vnleſſe this leauen here
Inbred, this ſtrong wild-figtree *ſhould appeare*?
And from its ſeate the liuer breaking forth
Shew to the world its owne, though vnknowne worth?
P. O ſee ambitious paleneſſe! ſee Old Age!
At ſuch corrupted times Who could not rage?
Think'ſt thou, thou nothing know'ſt, if it be ſo,
That others know not, that thou this doſt know?
[e] O but tis braue to heare men cry, *See, ſee?*
And pointing with their fingers, ſay, *That's he.*
Say you 'had a poeme which ſo ſmoothly runs,
That 'twere for lectures read to great mens ſons,
Braue lads with curled lockes, like gold ſo yellow:
Would not you thinke your ſelfe a prettie fellow?
P. O that's not all! See, our *Romulidans*
Prophane our ſacred poems with foule hands!
Reading, amidſt their bowels, poems diuine,
Being full vp to the throat with fleſh and wine.
Where if forſooth one clad in purple cloth's,
Snaffle ſome muſtie ſtuffe through's muffling noſe

d *Here the Poet faineth a reply of this old ambitious Poet defending himſelfe.* e *A ſecond reply.*

Melting

Melting forth faire *Hypſipyle's* ſad ſong
Or *Phyllis* fortune with a moiſt'ned tong
Or ſome ſuch tales which poetrie affordes
His daintie palate tripping forth his wordes,
The Men aſſent! And are not th' aſhes then
Of this Rare poet bleſt? This man of men,
Hath he not now a [f] lighter mole of earth
Gently preſſing his bones? A gen'rall mirth
Enſues: the gueſt with hands and voices ring
His due applauſe; And ſhall there not now ſpring
Eu'n from his *Manes*, from the hollow wombe
Of his thriſe-happy vrne-incloſing tombe
Sweet Violets? But, Oh, ſaies one, you touch
Too ſcoffingly, wrinkling your noſe Too much.
For doth there breath a man that can reiect
A gen'rall praiſe? and his owne lines neglect?
Lines worth immortall Cedars recompence,
Nere fearing new-ſold Fiſh or Frankincenſe?
Well, whoſoe're thou art whom I did make
But now, the Aduerſe part to vndertake;
When I my ſelfe doe write, if from my braine

f *The Ancient Ethniques did vſe to pray that the tombe-ſtones of their dead friends might bee light vnto them; becauſe they beleeued that their* Manes *or ſoules remained in their ſepulchres, and were ſenſible of ſuch accidents. They held likewiſe the ſpringing of flowers from the graue of a deceaſed friend, an argument of his happineſſe.*

Doe flow by greateſt chance ſome happy ſtraine
(For tis by chance) My heart is not ſo hard
So hornie, as to feare the due reward
Of deſeru'd fame. Only I doe denie
The ſcope of vertuous actions to lie
In thy *O braue! O fine!* for ſearch but this
Thy *O fine!* and within it What not is?
No; in Theſe papers knowe thou ſhalt not find
Labe'os helleborated lines confind
Too ſuperſtitiouſly to Words: nor weake
Loue-elegies, ſuch as *Rome's* Nobles ſpeake:
Whoſe iudgement, like their ouercharged maw,
Wants ſtrong concoctions heat, and is Yet raw.
Briefly whatſe're on g Citrean beds is writ,
We hence exclude as th'excrement of wit.
Thou doſt ſome diſh of good hot meate prouide
For ſome poore wretch (whoſe belli's his tongs guide)
Or to thy quaking foll'wer thou doſt caſt
Thy thread-bare cloake (which could no longer laſt)
Then thus thou ſpeak'ſt. You know eu'n from my youth
I hated lies, now therefore tell me truth.
Of me (*P.* Can He tell truth? Wilt let Me ſpeake?

g *The* Romans *had their* lecti lucubratorij *on which they ſtudied, and* trichniares, *on which they eate: the latter are rather vnderſtood in this place, for he principally ſpeaketh againſt the verſes they writ amongſt their cups.*

Thou

Thou trifleſt (bald-pate aſſe!) and thy skill's weake.
Seeing a fat-hogge-trough-panch before thee ſtruts
Full Eighteene inches with a load of guts.
O bleſſed *Ianus*! happy is Thy lucke!
Behind [h] thy backe, whom neuer Storkes bill ſtrucke:
At whom no nimble finger'd hand being fram'd
Like aſſes white eares, euer Yet was aim'd:
Nor ſo much tongue thruſt forth in a baſe flout
As an *Apulian* bitch for thirſt lils out.
You O *Patrician* blood whoſe heads are blind
I'th' hinder part, preuent a ſcorne behind.)
What doe men ſay? [i] That now your verſes flow,
In a ſoft number'd pace both ſweet and ſlow,
Whoſe well-ſmooth'd parts are ſo exactly join'd
That the ſeuereſt naile can neuer finde
The leaſt vneu'neſſe. O ſaies one, he makes
A verſe, as he that his true leuell takes,
Shutting one eye, for to direct his line,
Which drawing, with red oaker he doth ſigne.
Whether he ſcourge with his deepe-wounding rimes

h *Three maner of floutes were vſed by the Ancients. The firſt was with their hand to make a Storkes bill, their fingers being all collected together, and then let out with a flurt. The ſecond was to put their thumbes to the temples of their heads, and then wagge their fingers like aſſes eares, which within are ſomewhat white. The third was to lill out their tongues, like dogges in the heate of Summer, eſpecially in hot Countries, ſuch as is* Apulia *a region in* Italy. i *The anſwere of the flatterer.*

The

The delicate ſoft manners of the times,
Or th'impious banquets of reuenging Kings:
Our Poets *Muſe* can well expreſſe great things.
P. I, You ſhall ſee a fellow dare aſſay
To write Heroicke acts, who th'other day
But trifel'd out ſome Fables of ſmall worth
In ſcarce true *Greeke:* whoſe skill cannot paint forth
A pleaſant ſelfe-deſcribing Groue's delights;
Nor praiſe the full-ſtor'd Country, that eu'n writes
The ſtory of its Owne abundant ſtore;
Where fruits and fire-wood and the fat'ned Boare
Are neuer wanting; where the ſhepheards feaſt
Sacred to *Pales* is, t'expell the beaſt
That hates the lambe: where ſhepheards on that day
Are purged in a fire of ſmoaking hay. (borne,
Whence *Remus* ſprung: where (k *Quintius*) thou waſt
And where thy plow-ſhare was in furrowes worne;
When as thy wife trembling with ioy and feare,
Made thee the great *Dictators* roabes to weare
Before thine Oxen, and to leaue them Now,
Making the *Lictor* carry home thy plow.
Behold then this braue Poet!
Some there are
To whom l *Briſean Labeo's* book ſeemes rare:

k *Q. Cincinnatus.* l *Fucius Accius Labeo. Briſeus*, is the ſurname of *Bacchus*, fitly here attributed to *Labeo*, becauſe of his mad Verſes.

Whoſe

Whoſe lines ſwell like full Veines. Others deſire
Pacuvius, whom much they doe admire,
And loue often to reade, and eu'n to ſtay
Vpon his knottie harſh *Antiopa*;
Whoſe wofull heart was nouriſhed with greefe,
The Depth of ſorrow yeelding Some releefe.
When thou ſhalt ſee the blear-eied father teach
His ſon theſe things; canſt thou not quickly reach
To know the cauſe how this our vile diſgrace,
This hiſſing frying-pan of Speach tooke place
Firſt, in our tongues? And yet wherein our ſmooth
[m] *Troſſulians* vainely themſelues doe ſooth,
And eu'n leape in their ſeats, when as they heare
Old words, which pleaſe their thick falſe-judging eare.
When th'art accus'd, art not aſham'd to be
Not able thy now-Aged head to free
From feare o'th'law, but loue the luke-warme cry
Of all thy hearers crying, *Decently?*
Pedius ſayes one, vnto thy charge I lay
The guilt of theft. What now doth *Pedius* ſay?
In ſmooth *Antitheta's* his fault he weighes,
And for his learned Figures, winnes much praiſe.
O neate! O neate? In judging thou doſt faile,

m *The Knights of* Rome *were anciently ſo called, becauſe they ſurpriſed a towne in* Hetruria *called* Troſſulum, *without the helpe of the footemen.*

Baſe

Baſe fawning *Romane*, doſt thou wagge thy taile?
For think'ſt thou, if ſome ſhip-wrack'd wretch ſhould
Hee e're from me one Halfe-peny ſhould wring? (Sing,
Doſt Sing, when at thy ſhoulder thou doſt weare
Thy ſelfe and ſhippe, which the ſharpe rocks did teare?
His teares ſhall be expreſs'd through's Miſerie,
Not-Studi'd for by Night, that would mooue Mee
To pitie. *M.* Yet in Numbers, O, there ſhines
Beauteous compoſure added to thoſe lines
Which were before but raw. *P.* I, ſo it ſeemes;
For one, this as the only skill eſteemes
To end his verſe (But, O ridiculous!)
With *Berecinthian Atys*; or els, thus;
The Dolphin which did cut Cerulean Nereus.
Ex'lent! and this out *Romans* count moſt ſerious!
So thus another drawes his numbred line,
We drew a ribbe from the long Apennine.
M. [n] *Armes, and the man I ſing*, perchance you'l dare
To terme This frothy, fat-bark'd. *P.* O no; ſpare
Your Too-quick cenſure, and diſſolue your brow.
This Poem as an aged well-growne bough
Seaſon'd with time, is with the warme Suns heat
Well boild in its owne barke; growne ſtrong & great.
M. What then doe you terme ſoft, and to be read

n *Virgils Æneads*, which beginne ſo, *Arma virumq́; cano.*

With

With a looſe-bending necke, and bow'd-downe head?
P. *Their writh'd hornes the Mimallones did fill*
With ſounds, and Baſſaris about to kill
The ſcornefull calfe, ſnatching from him his head,
And Mœnas as the ſpotted Lynx ſhee lead
With Iuy-bridles, oft did Euion ſound:
The reparable Eccho did rebound.
Theſe, theſe are braue! But, Oh, ſhould Such lines be
If any veine of old Nobilitie
Did liue in vs? Theſe Weake lines in the Brimme
Of eu'ry mouth, in th'vtmoſt ſpittle ſwimme.
Mœnas and *Atys* or ſome fooliſh Songs
Are alwaies in the moiſture of their tongues.
They neuer Buffeted a Deske for Theſe,
Or Bite their Nailes: ſuch lines are writte with eaſe.
M. Grant this be true: yet Sir You haue no need
With biting truth to make their ſoft eares bleed.
Well, looke you to't; I feare; be not too bold,
Leſt great mens threſholds towards you grow cold.
Me thinkes, th'are touched already, and I heare
The doggiſh letter R ſound in mine eare.
P. Nay, Sir, rather then ſo, all's white and free:
All, all is admirable well for Mee.
I will not hinder't. Now y'are pleas'd I thinke,
You'l ſay, Let no man make My verſes ſtinke,

Making

Making a place for o vrine, in a ſcorne,
Among My papers. *P.* See then you adorne
Your booke, & paint two p Serpents on't; Boyes, None
Muſt vrine in This Sacred place: be gone:
And Ile goe firſt.

Yet did *Lucilius* cut
Lewd *Rome*, and thee, O *Lupius*, that didſt glut
Thy appetite, and thee (*Mutine*) growne weake
With luſt, and did on you his Iaw-tooth breake.
So ſubtile *Horace* laughing with his friend
Would cunningly his vices reprehend,
And lying in his boſome, in his heart,
Would bitterly deride him with great art.
Skilfull he was baſely t'eſteeme the rout,
Yet neere wrinkled his noſe, or Seem'd to flout.
And may not I then *Mutter*? not to th'q Duſt?
Not though Alone? No where? I will; I muſt
Digge here, eu'n here. (My booke) I ſpeake to Thee;
I've ſeene, I ſay, I've ſeene; (my tong's borne free)
Who has not Aſſes eares? Thou ſhalt not buy
This my obſcure concealed myſterie,
This my deare ſcoffe, my *Nothing*, for whole miliads

o *This place is thus againſt the common interpretation more manerly and truely expounded by M.* Bond. p *Theſe repreſented the* Genius *of the place, and were painted there to deterre any from violating the place by any pollution.* q *An alluſion to the fable of* Midas.

Of

Of any baſe Poets long-winded *Iliads*.
Thou whoſo'ere thou art, that art inſpir'd
With bold *Cratinus*; or with zeale art fir'd
Like angry *Eupolis*; and art growne pale
With that [r] old man, whoſe ſtile with a full ſaile
Beares ſtrong againſt foule vice: vouchſafe a glance
On theſe My Satires alſo; where by chance
If any thing more perfect thou ſhalt heare,
Among my lines; grow hot with a purg'd eare.
But him with deepeſt ſcorne I doe deteſt
That baſely loues to breake a bitter jeſt
At a Philoſophers poore Shooe: and winkes
At him, whoſe ſight is bad, calling him Blinkes:
Counting himſelfe no meane man, bearing ſome
Italian honour at *Aretium*;
'Cauſe, being Market-Clarke (ſuch was his plaſure)
He brake their earthen veſſels leſſe then meaſure.
Nor loue I him that counts the counting-table
Of deepe *Arithmeticians* but a fable.
Nor him that ſcoffes at Figures made in [f] duſt
By ſound *Geometry*. Such are vninſt,
And Enemies to th'Arts. They much delight
To ſee the bold-fac'd queane *Nonaria* fight

r *Ariſtophanes.* f *An alluſion to the ſtorie of* Archimedes; *ſee* Plutarch's Marcellus.

With

VVith a good honeſt *Cynicke*; and will grinne
If that ſhee pull his beard off from his chinne.
Theſe, in the morning next their hearts Ile ſend
To ſtudy the Edicts leſt they offend:
Yet after dinner (for they'le turne no more
From vice) vnto *Callirhoe* their VVhore.

THE

THE SECOND SATYRE,

VNTO HIS FRIEND

PLOTIVS MACRINVS.

ARGVMENT.

Profane desires: true sacrifice:
Bold sinnes: our Poet here describes.

SIgne This day (*Macrine*) with a purer stone,
Which doth present to thee times long since gone.
Powre wine vnto thy *Genius*; for Thy care
Is not to winne *Iove* with a Bribing prayer.

Nor crau'ſt Thou, what thou ſham'ſt to name for feare.
Except *Ioue's* drawne aſide that none may heare.
Though no ſmall part of *Rome's* chiefe *Nobles* can
Sacrifice with a Low-voic'd incenſe-pan.
Tis not an eaſie thing to take away
The murmur'd whiſperings of thoſe that pray
From the Gods Temples. Tis no eaſie thing
To liue with Knowne deſires. [a] They vſe to ſing
Alowd, that ſtrangers and the ſtanders-by
May heare 'hem, when they pray for honeſty
Or a good mind, good fame. But for the reſt
Of their deſires, inwardly th'are ſuppreſt
Vnder their murmuring tongues; ſuch as are theſe
Profane requeſts; O that ſome ſtrong diſeaſe
Would make my Vnckl's brauc rich funerall
To bubble vp. O that my rake would fall,
As I were working, on ſome ſounding pot
Of ſiluer; [b] *Hercules* bleſſing my lot.
Or would I might expunge this yong rich Ward,
By whom from great poſſeſſions I am bar'd
Being the next heire; for he's with ſcabs perplext,

a *This was but the maner of ſome hypocrites; for it was the Cuſtome of the* Romanes *to pray ſofily to themſelues, as* Ioſ. Scaliger *well obſerues in his Caſtigations on the* 2. *li. of* Tibullus. *p.* 137. *and* Wowerius *in his Animaduerſions on* Petronius. *p.* 428. b *Antiquitie made* Hercules *the propitious God for the finding out of hidden Treaſure.*

And

And is with ſwelling choller ſharply vext,
There's *Nereus* to, has buri'd yee three wiues,
And I ſcarce--! O Such men lead Happie liues!
That theſe things thou religiouſly maiſt craue
Of *Ioue*, in ſwelling *Tybers* ſiluer waue
Early thou waſheſt twiſe or thrice thy head,
Purging the [c] night pollutions of thy bed.
Doſt heare? anſwere me this: and but diſcloſe
Thy thought in one ſmall queſtion Ile propoſe.
What thinkſt of *Ioue*? thinkſt he may be preferd
'Fore Some? Whom? be't eu'n [d] *Staius*; art afeard?
And doubtſt thou Whether is the fitteſt Guard
And iuſter iudge for a yong guidleſſe Ward?
This then, wherewith thou dar'ſt to preſſe *Ioue's* eare,
Tell but to *Staius*: would he not eu'n feare
To heare thee Speake? and caſting vp his eie
Crie, O good *Ioue*! and ſhall not *Ioue* then crie
Vnto himſelfe for vengeance? What? doſt [illegible] thinke
Thou art Forgiu'n, becauſe he's pleaſd to Winke
At thy blacke deedes, and ſooner ſtrikes a Tree,
With horrid Sulphure, then Thy houſe and Thee,
Whenwith his roaring thunders he doth chide

c *Of this, ſee* Caſaubon *on* Theophraſtus; *p.*292. *where he ſhewes their twofold maner of expiation. And* Briſſonius *at large lib.* 1. *de Formulis, p.*8. d *A wicked fellow, that poyſned his brother and brothers wife.*

The prowd high-mounting aire? Dar'ſt thou deride
The pow'r of Heav'n, and Play with *Ioues* Fond beard,
As if th'hadſt Leaue, becauſe thou ne're was fear'd
With ſome ſtrange judgement? or ne're yet did'ſt lie
A wofull ſpectacle to each mans eie,
Vnholy, to be ſhunn'd in ſome ſad groue,
Then ceaſing to be ſacred vnto *Ioue*,
Or th'other Gods, vntill with ſacrifice
Th'Aruſpex great *Ergenna* purifies
The ſame, by offring th'entrals of two ſheepe?
Or els, what iſt? with what reward doſt keepe
The bribed eares of the corrupted Gods
That they ſhould only giue indulgent nods
At thy vaſt crimes? iſt thy fat offering
Which to their ſacred altars thou doſt bring?
Now you ſhall ſee ſome grandames, or fond Aunts,
Whom womens Fury Superſtition haunts,
Take vp a tender infant in their armes,
And being skilfull to depell the harmes.
Of an * effaſcinating eie, they'le ſpet
Vpon their middle finger, and then wet
With this their purging ſpettle, the childs brow
And prettie lippes. Then with a humble vow
Dauncing him in their armes, they'le vainely ſpend

* *Of Faſcination, ſee* Del Rio. *Mag. diſquiſ. l. 3. q. 4. Sect. 1. and* Ramirez, *in his learned Pentecontarchus, cap. 31 at large.*

Their

Their poore leane hope, in praying *Ioue* to ſend
This babe in time to come ſuch happineſſe
As once wealthy *Licinius* did poſſeſſe
In fruitfull lands: or ſuch as *Craſſus* held,
Who for braue houſes, *Romes* chiefe Lords excell'd.
They wiſh that Kings and Queenes may be at ſtrife
To make ev'n their beſt daughter His bleſt wife.
And as for Maides (ſay they) Yee Gods aboue!
O let'hem ſtrongly, ſtrangely fall in loue
With his rare beautie: and that whereſoe're
Hee treades, a crimſon roſe may ſpring vp there.
Braue! braue! But yet I will not bid My nurſe
Pray ſo: or if ſhee doe; then Good *Ioue* Curſe
Her Prayers; Though cloth'd-White ſhe ſtrongly Crie,
Yet for thine *Owne* ſake, Strongly ſtill Denie.
Thou wiſheſt for firme nerues, and for a ſure
Sound body, that would healthfully endure
Vntill Old age; why be it, that thy wiſh
Is Granted by the Gods; yet thy Large diſh
And full fat ſaſage make the Gods Delay
To bleſſe thee, and doe Force good *Ioue* to ſtay.
Thou'd'ſt faine grow rich: yet doſt thou ſacrifice
An Oxe, (is that the way in wealth to riſe?)
Then vpon *Mercurie* the God of gaine
With this thy offering, thus thou cri'ſt amaine,
Let my domeſticke Gods (great Mercury)

Make all things happie in my familie!
Bleſſe thou my heards of beaſts, bleſſe thou my lambs,
And make my tender yewes the happie damm's
Of many yong-ones. Mad-man! wilt thou ſee?
This is impoſſible! It cannot bee!
When as ſo many heyfers fats doe frie
In flames of ſacrifice? Yet doth he crie,
And with his Entrals and his daintie Cake
Striues to o'recome, and forcingly will Make
The Gods to heare; nor yet will hold his peace.
Now doth my field, now doth my fold encreaſe:
Now' twill be giv'n: now, now, vntill at laſt
Deceau'd, his great hope prouing but a blaſt:
His Money in his cheſt may make its moane
For want of company; yet ſigh alone.
If for a gift to Thee ſome friend preſents
A ſiluer goblet, or rich ornaments
Curiouſly grauen in a maſſie bowle
Of pureſt gold: ſtraightway thy very ſoule
Is touch'd with a ſtrong paſſion: and thou ſhak'ſt
Eu'n Drops from thy *left* breſt (Vaine heart that quak'ſt
Thus with a trembling joy!) Now becauſe gold
Thus pleaſeth Thee; hence tis that Thou doſt hold,
The Gods are pleas'd ſo too, and ouerlai'ſt
Their ſtatues faces (that thereby thou maiſt
Procure their fauour) with gold purchaſed

From

From th'enemie, which was in triumph led.
For those f brasse-brother-gods that send a dreame
Most true, and purg'd from thicke, corrupted fleame,
Whereby in sleepe men are disturb'd, or feard,
Let those be chiefe, and weare a golden beard.
Gold hath the pots of earth, and brasse disdaign'd,
Though vs'd when *Numa*, and good *Saturne* raign'd.
Gold likewise hath expeld the *Vestall* Vrne:
Gold doth the *Thuscan* Earth to Gold now turne.
Base stooping soules, that groovle on the Earth,
In whom there's Nothing testifies their birth
To be from Heau'n!
Yet, doth not this suffice?
But we must bring these our iniquities,
To the Gods Temples, where their pow'rs diuine
Doe dwell; and eu'n profane their holy Shrine?
As if there could be any thing in these
Infected Carcases, the Gods to please?
This Flesh of ours makes vs in vaine to spoile
Sweete *Casia*, by mixing it with oile
To make vs ointments. This doth make vs staine
The soft *Calabrian* fleece in Purple graine,

f *The brazen Statues of the sonnes of* Ægyptus, *all, except one, slaine by their new wiues the daughters of* Danaus. *Which brothers the* Romanes *adored as Gods: and were vainely perswaded that they sent dreames vnto men.*

This makes vs with much art to poliſh well
Mother of Pearle, drawne from the fiſhes ſhell.
This from th' vnpurged earth made vs deſire
To ſtraine out veines of gold by purging fire.
This ſinnes; and ſinnes; yet perſeuers in ſinne.
But you great Prieſts, tell; what doth gold within
The holy Temples? ſure, no greater thing
Then g puppets, which to *Venus* Virgins bring.
No; let vs ſtriue to bring to th' Gods, that which
Meſſala's bleare-eyed of-ſpring, from his rich
Large inceníe-baſon nere could giue; A mind
By Law and by Religion well confin'd;
A retir'd ſoule; a heart not ſtained by
Foule luſt, concoct in Noble honeſtie.
This let me bring to th' Gods, and Ile obtaine
Offring but a Small Cake of ſome Courſe graine.

g *It was a cuſtome among the Ancients, for Virgins about to marrie to offer their Babies as an enſigne of their Virginities to* Venus, *hoping that by her benefit, ſhortly after, they ſhould haue true Babes of their owne.*

THE

THE THIRD SATYRE.

ARGVMENT.

Yong Gallants Sloth, and their Neglect
Of Arts, this Satyre doth detect.

WHat Eu'ry day thus long? fie, fie, arise:
See how the cleare light shamefully descries
Thy sloth: and through thy windows shining bright
Stretcheth the narrow chinks with his broad light.
We snort till the [a] Fift shadow touch the line,

[a] *An hypall. for, till the shadow touch the fift line; which is about our Eleuen of the clocke. He vnderstands this of Sun-Dials. You may see the forme of an ancient* Romane *Sun-Diall, in* Ramirez *his Pentecont. cap.* 23.

Enough

Enough eu'n to digeſt ſtrong *Falerne* wine.
Now what doſt doe? The furious dog-ſtars heat
Vpon the parched corne hath long ſince beat
With its fierce ſcalding influence, and made
The beaſts to ſeeke the ſpreading *Elmes* coole ſhade.
Thus the companion of ſome ſlothfull youth
Does freely chide him. Then ſaith he, in truth
And iſt ſo late? indeed? ſome body then
Come preſently and reach my clothes: why when?
If then no bodie come: Oh how he ſwels,
And breaks with [b] glaſſe-like choller; and then yels
With ſuch a foule loud noiſe, that you would ſay
Surely ſome great *Arcadian* aſſe did bray.
At laſt, with much adoe he doth beginne
To take his booke in hand and ſome faire skinne
Of ſmooth [c] two-colourd parchment he takes then
Some paper and his knottie reed-like pen.
Then he complaines how that his inke doth ſticke
In clots at his pens noſe, it is ſo thicke.
Powre water then to his blacke [d] *Sepian* iuice,
He cries, now tis too white. Ha's a deuice
For eu'ry thing. So Sometimes he doth plead

b *Becauſe it is as ſoone raiſed as glaſſe is, by thoſe that make it.* c *Yellow on the ſide the haire grew, and white on the other ſide.* d Sepia *is a ſea-fiſh called a* Cuttell, *whoſe bloud the* Romanes *vſed in ſteade of inke.*

His

His pen writes double, or his inke doth ſpread.
Wretched, vnhappie man! yet growing ſtill
More wretched! Think'ſt wee're borne to take our fill
Of ſloth? Why doſt not then like the ſoft Doue
Or great mens little children, rather loue
In delicateſt wantonneſſe to lappe
Some ſoft ſweet ſpoone-meat, as, a little pappe?
Or angry with the teat, why doſt not crie,
Refuſing to be ſtilld with Lullabie.
[e] Why can I ſtudie, ſir, with ſuch a quill?
[e] Alas! whom doſt thou mocke? why pleadſt thou ſtill
Such vaine ambages? wretched man to flout
Thy ſelfe! Th'art broken! loe, thou leakeſt out!
And know thou Shalt be Scornd! ſtrike but a pot
Of ſome raw earth halfe-boild, and will it not
Tell its owne fault, yeelding a dull crazd ſound?
Well; *Yet* th'art ſoft moiſt clay, and mayſt be wound
To any forme: Now therefore, now make haſt
To vertue: Preſent time muſt be embrac'd.
Now like the potters clay, now thou muſt feele
Sharpe diſciplines effigiating wheele.
[f] But, oh, thy father left thee Land enough,
And a cleane Salt-ſeller, with houſhold ſtuffe

[e] *This verſe is an interiected reply of the ſlothfull youth: the next is ſpoken in the perſon of his companion which reprehendeth him.* [f] *His companions ironicall defence of the others careleſſeneſſe.*

Sufficient,

Sufficient, needſt Thou then feare any thing?
So th' haſt a ſecure pan wherein to bring
Incenſe to thy protecting *Lares*. Well;
But think'ſt thou this enough? wilt therefore ſwell,
And breake thy lungs with an ambitious wind,
Becauſe that thou the thouſanth off, doſt find
Thy branch to be perchance drawne from a tree
Of ſome high *Thuſcan* true nobilitie?
Or that becauſe clad in thy purple graine
Meeting *Romes Cenſour* with his pompous traine
Thou canſt ſalute him, by the name of *Cuzze*,
And arrogantly aske him how he does?
Away: goe pranſe before the multitude
In theſe thy trappings: ſeeke not to delude
My iudgement: for I know thy ſoule within,
And ſee thy faults writ in thy outmoſt skinne.
Art not aſhamed to liue like diſſolute
Looſe *Natta*? but (alas!) he's deſtitute
Of Senſe! He ſtands Amaſd in vice! the deepe
Fat brawne of ſinne makes his heart ſoundly ſleepe
That now he doth not ſinne! No, he's ſo groſſe,
So ſtupid, that he's ſenſleſſe of his loſſe!
And ſunke downe to the depth of vice, he'le ſwim
No more againe vp to the waters brim!
Great father of the Gods! when cruell luſt
Touch'd with inflaming venome, moues th' vniuſt

Cor-

Corrupted disposition of fierce kings,
To act vnworthy and vnkingly things:
Punish them only thus; *Let them but see*
Faire vertue, and their lost felicitie.
Then shall their bowels yearne, and they shall crie
In secret, and waxe pale, and pine, and die.
Did euer the *Sicilian* brazen bull
Roare out his torments with a throat more full?
Or did the sword hung by a slender thread
Vp in the golden roofe ouer the head
Of the g crownd flatterer, more terrifie g *Damocles.*
His soule, then when a man shall truely cry
Vnto himselfe, *I fall, Oh, I doe fall*
Downe head-long; and shall Know he's past recall?
And Inwardly grow pale (O wretched life!)
Which he's afeard to tell his neere deare wife?
Indeed, when I was Young, I like a foole
Would'noint my eyes with oile to stay from schoole:
When I'de not learne, through sloth, the stately part
Of dying *Cato*, though 'twere penn'd with art.
And my too carefull Master prais'd it much:
And my glad father being moou'd with such
His praises, brought his friends to heare his boy
Brauely act *Cato*, and would sweat for ioy.
For then I car'd not to know any thing:
Except how much the luckie Sice would bring;

Or

Or what the loosing Ace would scrape away
Or that my fellow might not put false play
Vpon me, neatly cogging forth a die
Out of the small-neck'd [h] casting-box. This I
Did learne: and for the scourge-sticke I did striue,
That none his top with greater art might driue.
But now, Thou art not at This age to learne
Betweene good and bad manners to discerne.
No; thou Hast learn'd the precepts that are taught
In the wise porch, where curiously are wrought
By *Polygnotus* skill, the conquer'd *Medes*
In their short sloppes: whose storie ouerspeads
The Walls: and where in searching hidden truths
The little-sleeping close-shorne Stoicke Youths,
That feed on huskes and a course barly cake,
Early and late industriously doe wake.
And vnto Thee the [i] *Samian* letter Y
Whose spreading branches teach Philosophie,
Hath marked out euen as it were with chaulke,
The high-rear'd right-hand path, wherein to walke.
And snort'st thou Yet? What? is thy head grown slack?
Art jaw-falne? Doth their frame begin to crack?

h *They vsed to cast their dice out of boxes, (as now adaies some doe out of small saucers) to preuent the sleight of the hand, which notwithstanding some more cunning gamesters did often practise.* i *The letter of* Pythagoras, *who by birth was a* Samian.

Lyest

Lyeſt yawning, to euaporate th' exceſſe
Of yeſterdaies oppreſſing drunkenneſſe?
Haſt thou propos'd thy ſelfe a certaine end?
And with thy beſt endeauour doſt thou bend
Thy bow at that? Or, careleſſe of thy hurt,
Doſt throwe at crowes, with ſtones and clots of durt
Neglecting where thou runn'ſt? Haſt thou no drift,
But only for the Preſent how to ſhift?
Well, yet be prouident; when our ſicke skinne
Doth with the puffing dropſie once beginne
To ſwell, tis then, thou know'ſt, but vaine to cry
For *Hellebore*; when a diſeaſe drawes nigh,
And yet but threatens thee; Then, then preuent
And meet a danger that is imminent.
But if thou doſt delay, till't be too late,
And that thy ſickneſſe once growe deſperate:
Then would'ſt thou giue *Craterus* halfe thy wealth
Yet can he not reſtore thee to thy health.
Learne then, O wretched youthes, the myſtery
Of Nature in profound Philoſophy.
Learne who we are: why we were borne: th' eſtate
Wherein wee're ſet; And know that not by fate
But wiſdome, we may turne our ſhip with eaſe
About high-vertues [k] marke plac'd in the ſeas

k *An alluſion to the* Romanes Naumachia.

Siluers

Of this our life. Temperately desire
Siluer: learne what 'tis lawfull to require
In prayer: and the perfect vse, aright,
Of Money: for which, men so sharply fight:
What likewise to thy Country thou dost owe,
And what to thy deare kinsmen; Learne to knowe
Whom[1] *God hath made thee, and in what degree*
And state of life, he here hath placed thee.
Learne: neither envie thou at the full store
Of the greas'd Lawyer, though he haue much more
Provision, then his family can spend
Whil'st it is sweet: which the fat *Vmbrians* send,
As gifts to bribe his tongue. Nor grutch to see
His *Marsian* Client bring him for a fee,
Pepper, gammons of bacon, or such kinde
Remembrances. Nor let it vex thy minde,
Because he hath fresh Pilchars to him sent,
Before the former barrell be quite spent.
But heere, me thinks, I heare some boistrous rough
Centurion say; Tush, I haue wit enough
To serue mine owne turne; And Ile neuer care
To be *Arcesilas*, or to impaire

1 *Mee thinkes these lines of mine Author, and especially this word* Deus, *seeme to bee of that high straine of Diuinitie (in a Heathen) which* Plato *reached vnto, when he did professe that he writ but in iest, when he said,* Gods.

My

My health, like *Solon*: who doe leane awry
Their heads, pearcing the earth with a fixt eye:
When by themselues they gnaw their murmuring
And furious silence, as 'twere ballancing
Each word vpon their out-stretchd lip: And when
They meditate the dreames of old sicke men,
As, *Out of nothing, nothing can be brought:*
And that which is, can ne're be turnd to nought.
Is it for This they're pale? and that they misse
Their dinner oftentimes, is it for This?
Why yet they are but scorn'd ev'n by the Rout,
The people; and our Lustie Lads but flout
Them, and with crisped noses aloofe off,
Strongly ingeminate a trembling scoff.
[m] Yet, scorne not learning: lest thy falling state
Proue such, as this which here I will relate.
One said to his Physician, Pray Sir see;
Me thinks I am not as I vse to bee.
My heart doth quake as if it boaded death:
And my sick jawes send forth a loathsome breath;
Pray good Sir feele my Pulse: and play your part.
Well, the Physician vs'd his chiefest art,
And bid him rest Foure daies. But when each vaine
Began composedly to flow againe,

m Persius *his answere to the obiection, which he makes the Centurion heere vse.*

On the Third night: he bid his ſeruant take
A [n] little thirſting-flaggon, and ſtraight make
All ſpeed, to the great houſe of ſuch a friend,
And tell him, he deſir'd him for to ſend
Some of his milde *Surrentine* wine: and ſo
Hauing dranke that, vnto the Baths hee'd go.
When being there, thither did come by chance
His owne Phyſician: who ſtraight caſt a glance
On this his patient, and to him ſaid,
Why You are Pale, and are you not afraid?
Tuſh man, ſaith he, thats nothing. Yet beware,
Said his Phyſician, and pray haue a care,
What ere this Nothing is. For I doe ſee,
Your yellow ſickly skin ſwells ſecretly.
Well, prethee now, ſaid he, doe not thou raile
At Me: for thou thy ſelfe doſt looke more pale
And worſe: be not a Tutour vnto Mee,
One I haue had, and buri'd: now for Thee,
Thou yet remainſt. On then, and doe not ceaſe,
Said his Phyſician, and Ile hold my peace.
This gallant then ſwelling with daintie cheere,
Bathes his pale belly, and without all feare:
His throat halfe ſtopt with groſſe corrupted fleame,
Leaſurely breathing a ſulphureous ſteame.
But midſt his wines a ſuddaine trembling ſeaz'd

[n] *A ſmall flaggon.*

Vpon

Vpon each ioint of him, that his diſeas'd
Weake hand could not his luke-warme bowle retaine:
And his vncouer'd teeth eu'n gnaſht againe:
And then through his looſe lips, his fine-oild meate
He vomits, which he greedily had eate.
Then were prepared for his funerall
The [o] Trumpet, and the Lights: And laſt of all,
This ſeeming-happy man, that would not doubt,
His health, being compoſedly laid out
On his high bed, his biere; and now daub'd o're
And eu'n bedurted with th'abundant ſtore
Of ointments; ſtretcheth tow'rd the Citie-gate
His cold dead heeles; and thoſe whoſe beſt eſtate
But yeſterday, was but to be his ſlaue,
[p] Now weare their caps, and beare him to his graue.
[q] What? then belike y'apply this ſame to Mee?
But (wretched foole!) th'art out. For know, I'me free.
Touch but my veines: feele how my heart doth beate:
There's but a wonted moderated heate.
Or feele the bottoms of my feete: or hold

o *At the Funerals of Great Men, they vſed Trumpets: as Pipes at the Burials of the meaner ſort.*

p *It was the cuſtome of the* Romanes *before their deathes to Manumitte their ſeruants: which was by ſhauing their heads, and putting a cap on.*

q *The ſcornfull reply of the Centurion.*

My hands: thou ſhalt perceaue they are not cold.
r Tis true. But know, ſeduced man, there ſticke
Diſeaſes in thy Soule, tis That is ſicke.
For if thou ſee by chance much gold: or ſpie
Thy neighbours ſmooth-cheek'd wench to caſt an eie
Vpon thee, ſmiling with a wanton glance:
Speake true: doth Then thy heart Orderly daunce?
There's ſet before thee on thy boord, to eate,
In a cold diſh hard hearbes, ſomewhat rough meate;
And courſe bread ſifted in the people's ſearce:
Lets trie your chaps. Oh are yee now averſe?
In thy ſoft mouth there's hid a putrid ſoare, (roare,
Which touch'd with *Common* hearbs, would make thee
So thy heart's cold, when pale feare doth affright
Thy haire like eares of corne ſtanding vpright.
Againe, fierce anger makes thy bloud grow hot,
Ev'n as a fire-brand doth a ſeething pot;
And then thy flaring eies ſparkling forth fire,
Thou rai'ſt and doſt So in thy furious ire;
That mad *Oreſtes* dares ſweare, Such a fact
None but a man ſtarke mad, ere durſt to act.

r *The anſwere of* Perſius.

THE

THE FOVRTH SATYRE.

ARGVMENT.

Yong Rulers: The complaint of Luſt
On Auarice, vnfit though iuſt.

ART thou a Common-wealths chiefe Gouerner?
(Suppoſe the bearded graue [a] Philoſopher, [a] *Socr.*
Whom the cold draught of Hemlocke forc'd to die,
Thus to demand) On what doſt thou relie?
What are thy grounds? ſpeake *Alcibiades*,
Pupill vnto the famous *Pericles*.
Oh, wit and graue diſcretion, I haue heard
Indeed, do many times Preuent a Beard!

And ſo Thou knoweſt no doubt, thogh th'art but yong,
Both when to Speake, and when to hold thy tongue.
When therefore the vext multitude grow hot
With choller, and their duty haue forgot:
Thou doſt but lift vp thy maieſticke hand,
And ſtraight a generall ſilence doth command
Ore the tumultuous rout. Then what doſt ſay?
[b] O yee *Quiritians* (if preuaile I may)
I thinke This is not juſt that's done by you:
Nor This: twere better if you Thus did doe.
For thou canſt weigh truth in the double ſcale
Of the moſt doubtfull ballance. If it faile,
Straightwaies Thou know'ſt it: yea, though hid it lie
Betweene a double crooked falſitie:
Or if a Rule (ſo perfect is Thy ſight)
Meaſure not eu'ry thing exactly right.
And the blacke [c] Theta ſigne of deadly ſhame
Thou can'ſt prefixe 'fore an offenders name.
Thou Canſt doe this. Oh, twere a crime to Doubt.
Come, come: Thou being faire only without

b *Theſe three lines are ſpoken in the perſon of this young Gouernour.*
c *The Iudges being about to giue ſentence of death againſt a man, were wont to write his name in a table, and prefixe before it, the letter* θ, *being the firſt of* θάνατος, *ſignifying hee was to bee deliuered ouer to Death.*

And in the skinne, in vaine: leaue off to ſhake
Thy taile, before the flattring rout, or make
Suit for great offices, till age and cares
Haue made thee Fit to manage ſuch affaires.
Thou being fitter yet to drinke good ſtore
Of pure vnmixt braine-purging *Hellebore.*
Wherein conſiſts thy laſt, thy greateſt wiſh?
[d] In hauing eu'ry day a full fat diſh:
Then with ſweet oile to 'noint my skin, and lie
In the Sunnes pleaſant warmth till it be drie.
[d] Why hadſt thou with the ſelfe ſame queſtion tri'd
This poore old woman; ſhe had ſo repli'd.
Goe now and boaſt how thy Nobilitie
Comes from th' Illuſtrious *Dinomache.*
Puffe out thy vaunts, and ſay, I'me comely, faire,
To grant thee ſuch vaine praiſes Ile not care.
When ragged gran'ame *Baucis*, that does crie
Vnto the looſer ſeruants, *Will yee buie*
Any ſweet hearbes, has as much wit as thee,
That thus doſt boaſt of thy vaine pedegree.
That no man will deſcend to his Owne heart,
And ſearch the ſecrets of that hidden part!
No man! But haue their eies fixt euermore

[d] *The anſwere of this vaine fellow: and the replie of* Perſius.

Vpon His backe and bagge that goes Before!
For doe but aske a man, by Chance; D'yee know
Vectidius farmes? Hee'le ſay, *Vectidius*? Who?
The Chuffe of *Cures*, he whoſe grounds they ſay
A kite can ſcarce flie o're in a whole day?
Him eu'n the Gods oppoſe and the ſure fate
Of an vnluckie *Genius*. Who (the date
Of time, bringing againe the Plow-mens [e] feaſt,
When from their painfull labors they haue ceas'd,
And now hung vp their weary Oxens yoke
By the worne path vpon ſome aged oke)
When he ſhould freely laugh, and make good cheere
For other plow-men (tis but Once a yeere)
Moſt baſely fearing to pull off the clay
From his ſmall wine-veſſel; hee'le ſigh, and ſay,
Pray *Ioue*, that this my Prodigalitie
Bring me not in the end, to beggerie!
A coated oignion then with ſalt he eates;
(His ſeruants much applauding ſuch braue meates:
Nay, and reioycing for their happy lot
And for the barly-pudding in the pot)
Then ſparingly he ſuppes in ſtead of beere,

e *Theſe feaſts were called* Compitalia, *and were celebrated in honour of their* Lares.

The

The cloathy dregges of dying Vineger.
But ſtraight replies the other, If Thou 'noint'ſt
With ſupple oile thy foule lubberly ioints
And ly'ſt in the hot Sunne letting it beate
Vpon thy skinne, with its ſtrong parching heate: (by,
Ther's one whom Thou ſcarce know'ſt, ſtands here hard
Eu'n at thine elbow, that could likewiſe crie
Againſt Thy manners, and thy lewder art,
The depilation of thy modeſt part,
And of thy lungs, to proſtitute thereby
Vnto a barren luſt thy pathicke thigh.
Thy Cheekes bearing a kemb'd, oil'd beard: Elſewhere
[f] Where doſt thou too-vniuſtly-ſmooth appeare?
Scrape on: but though fiue luſtie wraſtlers would
Roote vp theſe ſpringing plants: yea thogh they ſhould
With crooked pinſers, by their tugging oft,
Weaken thy parts of ſhame, though firſt made ſoft
With Barbers ſoapie water, ſo to yeeld
The better, to the plowers of this field:
Yet this o're-ſpreading fearne will neuer bow
Vnto the deepeſt furrow-making plow.
Thus we wound Others and doe yeeld agen

[f] *Reader, in This line, I intendedly depart from the Letter of mine Author, yet without thy loſſe.*

Our

Our thighes vnto the darts of other men. (
And thus we know mans life purſu'd to be
By this too-much-aſſumed Libertie.
g Yet ſome mens faults, becauſe they hidden lie
From the enquirie of their Enemie,
Are not obiected to them; yet are knowne
To him, to whom they crie, We are thine Owne.
Thou haſt a ſecret wound vnder thy ſide:
But thy broad gold-boſs'd girdle doth it hide:
So though thou make Men ſay, Th'art well (in Vaine:)
Will thy Side ſay ſo too, that feeles the paine?
Thou'lt heere perchance reply, What? when as all
My neighbours Me an ex'lent fellow, call;
And ſay, I am not as your Common men:
Shall I, ah, Can I not beleeue 'hem then?
h Alas, blinde wretch! if at the ſight of gold
With auaricious loue thou waxeſt cold
And pale: if eu'ry thing thou likewiſe doe,
Which griefe-procuring Luſt prouokes thee to:
If on the table of thy Vſurie,
By moſt-oppreſſing heauie crueltie,

g *The paſſage heere, was too-obſcure: wherefore I was forced to be a little diffuſe in the opening of the connection; and ſo inſerted theſe foure verſes.* h *The reply of* Perſius *to his owne obiection.*

As

As by a ſtrong deepe-wounding ſcourge, thou make
Many a ſure-imprinted grieuous ſtrake:
To the falſe-praiſing People thou maiſt lend
Thy ſpungie, ſucking eares; but to no end.
Seeme not more then thou art: neither beleeue
The ignorant applauſe baſe Cobblers giue.
Liue with thy Selfe, and quickly thou ſhalt ſee
The curtal'd ſtore of thy bare pouertie.

THE

THE FIFT SATYRE IN FORME OF A *DIALOGVE.*

The Speakers, { PERSIVS, CORNVTVS.

ARGVMENT.

Cornutus praiſe: Philoſophie: Oppos'd deſires: true Libertie.

P. OVr Poets vſe to wiſh they had large lungs:
And a whole hũdred voices, mouths, & toungs:
When

When they would write a buskin'd Tragedie,
To be yawn'd out with the ſad Maieſtie
Of a Tragedian: or deſcribe the high
Braue-minded *Parthian* pulling from his thigh
A hook-like bearded dart. *C.* Why ſpeak'ſt Thou thus?
And heapeſt vp ſuch vaſt robuſtious
And ſwelling lines, that Thou Thy Selfe doſt need
A hundred throates, if thou'dſt attaine indeed
The end which ſuch endeuours tend to? Rather
Let Them, who'le write ſome loftie matter, gather
Clouds off of *Helicon*, to whom the pot
Of *Progne*, or *Thyeſtes* ſhall grow hot;
Of which, the fond Tragedian *Glyco* muſt
Oft make his ſupper. But Thou neither duſt
Puffe from thy mouthes ful bellowes much vaine winde
The whi'lſt the matters boiling in thy minde,
Thy fordge: nor with an inward murmuring
Hoarſly crow-like caw'ſt out ſome idle-thing,
I know not what: nor doſt Thou ſtriue to ſtuffe
Thy ſwelling cheekes, to breake 'hem with a puffe.
Thy words are words of peace, and accurate
Thy ſtile; thy mouth not ſwolne, but moderate
Smooths out thy numbers; thou canſt touch to th'quick,
Pale manners: and with an ingenious tricke
Strike a crime Through; And hence indeed from Crimes
Doe Thou draw ſtill the ſubiect of Thy rimes;

And

And leaue the feaſt made with the feete and head
Of *Plyſthenes* wofully murthered,
At ſad *Mycenæ*: and doe Thou deſcrie
The Peoples banquets, full of Luxurie.
P. Surely, I ſtriue not that My leafe may riſe
With ſwelling bubbles of vaine fopperies,
Fit to giue weight to ſmoake. We ſpeake retir'd:
And inwardly I by my muſe inſpir'd
Heere offer eu'n my ſecret heart to bee
By thee tri'd fully. For I'de haue thee ſee
Cornutus, deereſt friend, how great a part
Of my deare, yet diuided ſoule Thou art.
Knocke on my breſt: for Thou haſt skill to know
What ſoundeth ſolid, and the couer'd ſhew
Of a gilt tongue. And oh heere I could craue
A hundred voices: that how much I haue
Fixt thee within my many-ſeated breſt,
In a pure fluent ſtile might be expreſs'd:
And that which now ineffable doth dwell
Within my heart, in words I heere could tell.
When firſt I did begin to leaue to feare
Vnder a Maſter: and left off to weare
My purple-Coate, that ſtill preſerued free
From violation my weake infancie:
And when my Golden Boſſe I newly had

Hung

Hung vp to my [a] ſuccinct Houſe-Gods: when bad,
And flattering companions guarded mee:
When now my White Shield granted Libertie
Vnto mine eyes freely to roue throughout
The lewd *Suburra*: when I was in doubt
Which way to take: and when my trembling minde
Was by pernicious errour almoſt blinde,
Miſ-led into diuided paths: I then
Offer'd my ſelfe to thy Inſtruction. When
Thou ſtraightway didſt embrace my tender youth
In thy *Socratique* boſome: and the truth
Of Thy rule well-appli'd, skilfull to draw
Feeble inclining minds to reaſons law,
Shew'd me intorted manners: and my mind
Was preſs'd by reaſon, throughly confin'd
To learned precepts, ſtroue to be o'recome;
And tooke a Faire forme from thy skilfull thombe.
For I remember oft I with delight
Haue ſpent long daies with Thee: and of the Night
Haue borrow'd the firſt howres, feaſting with thee
On the choiſe dainties of Philoſophie.
One worke we wrought: we reſted both one reſt:
Mixing ſeuereneſſe, with a Modeſt ieſt.

a *To ſignifie their readineſſe and expedition in defence of the houſe, which was committed to their tutelary charge.*

For

For doubt not, both our birth-daies ioin'd in one
Sure league, drawne from one conſtellation:
Or the vnchanged *Parca* weigh'd our time
With an eu'n ballance: or that firſt, that prime
Birth-howre of vs true friends did bleſſedly
Place our embracing fates in *Gemini*:
And heauie *Saturnes* ſterne malignitie
Was broke by our good *Ioues* benignitie.
I know not What, but ſure Some Starre I ſee,
Which inwardly diſpoſes me tow'rds Thee.
Yet there's a thouſand ſorts of men: and ſtrange
Varietie doth humane actions change.
Each hath his ſeu'rall will: nor doe All liue
With One deſire. For, One his minde doth giue
To Merchandizing, and with care doth runne
Out to the Eaſt vnder the riſing Sunne,
To get rough pepper, and pale Cummin ſeed
For *Roman* wares. Another loues to feed
His panch, and then ſwell with deſtilling ſleepe;
A third doth *Mars*-field wraſtlings duely keepe;
A fourth turnes banke-rupt by the deſp'rate die;
A fift growes rotten by damn'd Venerie.
But when the knottie hand-gout has once broke
Their ioynts, as th'boughes of ſome decayed oke:
Anger and griefe doe then begin a ſtrife
Within them, for their baſe and durtie life

Now ſpent: when now, but now too late, they looke
Vpon the life they wretchedly forſooke.
But Thou in learned writings doſt by night
Grow pale. Thou makeſt it thy chiefe delight
To ſow yong purged eares with fruitfull truths,
With good *Cleanthes* fruit. Draw Hence yee youths,
Yee old men, for your ſelues, ſome Certaine end:
Some helpes from cares your old age to defend.
[b] To Morrow wee'le doe this. [b] Alas! you'le doe
The ſame, to-morrow. [c] Why aske we of you
So much, to wit, only One Day? [c] But when
The Third day comes, we haue conſumed then
To-Morrow Yeſterday: and thus to borrow
Of time, though yet to come, ſtill one To-morrow:
Will ſecretly driue out our Yeeres at laſt,
When Eu'ry day a New day will be paſt,
Neuer to be recouer'd. For Thou VVheele
VVhich doſt about the Second Axle reele
Hindermoſt, maiſt in vaine ſtriue to o'retake
The Firſt ſtill turning forward, which doth make
Like haſte, with equall ſwiftneſſe: though thou be
Hard by it plac'd vnder the ſelfe-ſame tree.
VVhos'euer then True Libertie would gaine,
Let him embrace Philoſophie: for vaine

b *He brings them in anſwering for themſelues: and then he replies againe vnto them.* c *Another anſwere of theirs, with his owne reply.*

Is

Is Other freedome; Such, to wit, whereby
Any new *Publius* may familiarly
In his (the *Veline*) tribe coorſe corne demand
By bringing but his Token in his hand.
O men bartaine of truth, that thinke they can
Make, with a Turning, a *Quiritian!*
Heer's *Dama* a baſe horſe-keeper not worth
Three halfe-pence, a meere ſot that can't looke forth
From out the miſt of *Ignorance*, and one
VVho'le lie eu'n for the leaſt occaſion,
For horſe-bread; whom if's Maſter turne about,
I'th' moment of the VVhirling he goes out
Straight, *Marcus Dama*. The Gods! Darſt denie
To truſt one, *Marcus* being ſuretie?
Or, *Marcus* being iudge, art pale with feare
Of VVrong? *Marcus* ſaid it: then thou maiſt ſweare
Tis true. Now *Marcus* ſeale the Bond. Oh, heer's
Braue Libertie and true, which our Cap weares
As well as VVee! [d] VVhy is there any free,
But he, the which doth liue at Libertie?
I liue at libertie, and am not I
More free then *Brutus* then? [e] Oh heere ſtands by
A well-taught *Stoick*, whoſe more purged eare

d *The anſwere of* Dama *now Manumiſs'd.* e *The replie of* Perſius.

Is wash'd, as 'twere, with Truths sharpe vineger,
That sayes, I grant the First; but where you say,
I liue at libertie, take That away.
[f] Why? since I came from th' *Prætors* rod Mine Owne
Free man, Ile Now be subiect vnto none;
And why may n't I doe with full liberty
Whats'ere's *Masurius* doth not deny?
[h] Oh, learne: but this thine anger first depose,
And let fall from thy too-much-wrinkled nose,
Thy rugged scoffe? whilst from thy lungs I pull
These old wiues tales, of which thy breast's Yet full.
It was not in the *Prætors* pow'r to giue
Pure Wisdome vnto Fooles, or make Them liue
By Reasons rule. No; thou shalt sooner fit
Vnto the harpe, a rough rude souldiers wit.
'Gainst which Reason doth stand, and secretly
Whispers him in the eare, and sayes, Fie, Fie:
Neuer attempt what thou canst ne're reach to,
And only spoile, whilst thou dost striue to do.
The law of man and nature both denie
Weake Ignorance the priuiledge to trie
Forbidden things. Dost Thou mixe *Hellebore*
For a sicke Patient, who ne're trid'st before

[f] *Another answere of* Dama. [g] *A famous Lawyer, and afterwards a Knight of* Rome. [h] *Another replie of* Persius.

To

To weigh't exactly to a Dramme? The art
Of Phyſicke bids thee not-dare act This part.
If a rude high-ſhooed clowne offer to ſteere
A ſhippe, not knowing his guide *Lucifer*:
The Sea-God *Melicerta* may exclame.
The brow of modeſtie has loſt all ſhame?
Has vertues Art taught thee to walke vpright?
And canſt thou with a perſpicacious ſight
Diſcerne the Shew of Truth from truth? Doſt know
Counterfaite gold by th'Sound? and canſt thou ſhew
What things to follow, what things to decline,
The firſt with chaulke, the laſt with Coale to ſigne?
Art of confin'd deſires? haſt thou a ſmall
And pretty well-trimm'd houſe? art kinde to all
Thy friends? canſt wiſely ſometimes Shut thy ſtore,
Sometimes Open thy garners to the poore,
And with a pure affection vnhurt
Canſt thou paſſe ouer money [i] fixt i'th durt?
Nor, as a greedie glutton, loue to licke
Mercuriall ſpittle, which doth vſe to ſticke
Vpon the lippes of Niggards? When as all
Theſe things thou mayſt thine owne moſt truely call;

i *An alluſion to the ſport that children vſed: who tying a piece of money to the end of a ſtring, would couer the ſtring with durt, and let the money bee ſeene, which, when any greedie fellow paſſing by, would ſtoope to take vp, they would plucke-in the ſtring; and ſo delude him.*

Then, Oh be wiſe, enioy true Libertie,
The *Prætors*, yea, and great *Ioue* bleſſing thee.
But Thou but th'other day of Our degree,
Retaining ſtill thy Old skinne, being free
Only in a ſmooth brow, that outward part,
Deepe ſubtilty lurking in thy foule heart:
The Liberty I gaue thee, I againe
Recall, and doe tie Shorter now thy chaine.
For Reaſon vnto thee doth Nothing lend:
Lift but thy [k] Finger vp, thou doſt offend;
And what's ſo ſmall? But thou ſhalt ne're obtaine
By any francke-incenſe that the leaſt Graine
Of wiſedome ſhall e're reſt within a foole:
To mix theſe Two, is againſt Natures rule.
Nor ſhalt thou, thou remaining a Clowne ſtill,
Ere daunce three meaſures with *Bathyllus* skill.
[1] I'me Free. [1] How canſt thou ſay ſo, thy affection
Being invaſſal'd to the worſt ſubiection?
Knowſt thou no other Maſter, but he whom
The Manumitting rod did free thee from?

k Ramirez (*in his commentary on* Martial: *lib.* 1. *Epig.* 1.) *would perſwade vs that this place is meant* de Medio digito: *but his expoſition is ſomewhat ranke, and I will iuſtly oppoſe him with that diſcreet admonition of* Turnebus (*Aduerſ. lib.* 23. *cap.* 23. Non ſunt tam ex alto ducendi ſenſus, de quibus poeta nihil cogitârit. 1 *Another reply of* Dama, *and the anſwere of* Perſius.

Indeed

Indeed if Now, one say imperiously
To's slaue; Goe, Sirra, carry presently
This linnen to *Crispinus* Bathes; dost stand
Still, Lazie knaue? This his seuere command
Doth moue thee nothing: because now no whip
May scourge Thy Lazie sides, to make Thee skip.
But if within, in thy sicke lungs doe spring
Head-strong desires, art Thou in any thing
Lesse seruile then, then is such a poore knaue,
Whom th' whip and feare of's Master made a slaue?
Thou lying long in bed, auarice cries,
Vp, vp, Not yet, saist thou: For shame arise,
Cries she; I can't thou dost reply: Why so,
Saies shee againe? Rise, Rise; dost thou not knowe
What thou shouldst do? Why go to th' Sea, bring thence
Fish, Beauer-oile, flaxe, Eben, franckincense,
And loosning wines of *Co*; and be the first
To fetch from th' Camel, whilest he yet doth thirst,
Fresh pepper: exchange somewhat, and forsweare
For Gaine. O but (alas!) then *Ioue* will heare.
Why, foole, if thou wilt dwell with *Ioue*, thou shalt
Striuing but to get out one taste of salt,
Boare a hoale through thy oft-lick'd salt-seller.
Well; being got vp, thou dost (not to deferre
To execute her will) prouide thy men
Bagges for to lay their clothes in, and then

Lai'ſt-in wine, with ſuch other things thou knowſt
Are fit for Nauigation: then ſtraight go'ſt
To ſhippe; where nothing hinders thee to ſaile
O're the *Ægæan* Sea with a full gaile,
But Luxurie. That doth ſeduce thy weake
Vnſtayedneſſe, and thus with Art doth ſpeake.
Whither, Oh whither madman, doſt thou run? (done?
Whither? What lackſt thou? What wouldſt thou haue
([m] And now thy hot breſt with ſtrong ire doth ſwell,
Which a whole pot of Hemlock can ſcarce quell.)
Wilt thou paſſe ore the Seas? Wilt thou ere eate
Thy Supper, making a Stretch'd Rope thy ſeate?
Shall a broad-bottom'd tankard that does ſtinke
Of pitch, fume out the wine, that Thou muſt drinke?
Nay, vile ruddie *Veientane* wine? ſtriu'ſt thou
To make thy lab'ring money ſweat forth now
Eleu'n in twelue, the which did Heere obtaine
Ne're aboue Fiue in Twelue, a modeſt gaine?
Come, come: cheriſh thy *Genius*: let's be free
T'enioy a full delight: for without Me
Life is Not: and remember that ere long,
Thou ſhalt be but a Ghoſt, duſt, and the ſong
O'th' People. Thinke how thou by death ſhalt paſſe
Away, like Time. This which I'ue Spoke, It was.

m *Theſe two lines, the Poet interiects in his owne perſon.*

What

What doſt thou now? Two hookes a double way
Now drawe thee; Wilt thou this, or This obey?
Thou muſt be ſlaue to both alternately:
Now ſeruing Auarice, now Luxurie.
Nor maiſt thou, if thou doſt for Once withſtand
Their inſtant and importunate command,
Say ſtraight, I'ue broke their bands; For, loe,
A dogge by tugging breakes his knot, iuſt ſo,
Who, though he runne away and bite and ſtraine,
Yet at his necke doth traile much of his chaine.
Chæreſtratus in ſerious meditation
Biting his naile to th'quicke through deepe vexation
Saies to his man; *Dauus*, I now intend
All my fore-paſſed griefes and Loue to end;
Beleeue mee. For ſhall I bee ſtill a ſhame,
Vnto my ſober carefull friends good name?
Shall I ſpend all my ſtocke with infamie
At the lewd threſhold of a Stewes? Shall I
Drunke before *Chryſis* 'nointed moiſt doores ſtand
Singing, my torch extinguiſh'd in my hand?
O[n] rare yong *Maſter*! Be hence-forward wiſe:
And offer vp a lambe in ſacrifice,
To thy protecting Gods. [o] But doſt beleeue

n Dauus *his reioycing at his Maſters promiſed reformation.* o *The interrogation of* Chæreſtratus *to his ſeruant* Dauus.

Dauus,

Dauus, if I forsake her, that sheele grieue?
p Dost trifle, Idle boy? Then she shall breake
Thy pate with her red pantofle, and wreake
Her spight vpon thee, that thou shalt not dare
To quake, nor bite her fast-entangling snare.
Th'art Now auerse and violent; but when
She shall perchance but call thee: thou'lt say then,
I come straightwaies; for, why? what should I doe?
Sha'n't I goe to my Loue, when Shee doth Wooe,
And Sends for me? But if thou canst Now, Now
Redeeme thy selfe All and Entire; Thou, Thou
Art that thrise-happy man, that onely He
Whom Only, We iudge to be truely free.
Not he, o're whom the fooliſh *Lictor* wagges
His rod, and of him, as His Freeman bragges.
For, Oh, can he be truely call'd his owne,
Whom Candidate Chaulkie Ambition
Drawes gaping to Her lure? To whom she cries,
q Vnto thy Clients salutations rise
By time, and giue a lib'rall doale of pease
Vnto the scrambling multitude: that these
Our large *Floralia* may be made the talke
Of Aged men hereafter as they walke
In the warme Sun; For what can be More braue?

p Dauus *his indignation, at his Masters weake inconstancie.* q *The wordes of Ambition.*

r And

r And art not Superſtitious to haue
On *Herods* birth-day, many candles plac'd
In order i' th' oild window much defac'd
By the fat clowd the which they vomit out,
Though with ſweet violets th'are deck'd about;
And t'haue a Tunies taile, as 'twere to ſwimme
In a red diſh, thy white bowle full to th' brimme
With wine, yet doſt not faſt till night, and pray
All the *Iewes* circumciſed Sabbath-day?
Then with Hobgoblins, and the feigned feare
Of danger from a crackt egge, and th' auſtere
Graue Prieſts of *Cybell*, and the one-eyed maid
Of *Iſis* with her timbrell, th' art diſmaid.
And thinkſt the Gods will puffe with ſome diſeaſe
Thy ſwelling skinne: if thou ſhalt them diſpleaſe:
Refuſing by their graue rules to be led,
To taſte each morne three times a Garlicke-head.
And ſaieſt thou yet, thou liu'ſt at libertie,
Being ſubiect to th' extremeſt vanitie?
Yet ſpeake this, which the Gods doe knowe, is true,
Mongſt ful-veind ſouldiers: what would ſtraight enſue?
Some vaſt *Volpenius* with a full deepe throate
Would bellow out a laugh, in a baſe note:
And ten times ten Philoſophers of *Greece*
Would ſcarcely prize at a clipt Ten-groates piece.

r *Theſe words are ſpoken in the perſon of* Perſius.

THE

THE SIXT AND LAST SATYRE,

TO HIS FRIEND Cæsivs Bassvs *a Lyrique Poet.*

Argvment.

The pining Niggards fruitleſſe care,
To feed the luſt of his lewd heire.

NOw, *Baſſus*, hath the cold made thee retire
Thy ſelfe, this winter, to the *Sabine* fire?

Doe

Doe thy old harpe and ſtrings liue to thee ſtill,
Sounding lowd muſicke with a ſtiffer quill?
Great workman! whoſe bleſt Muſe ſweet lines affordes,
Full of the Natiue beauty of Old wordes:
And on the *Roman* harpe with happineſſe
Of skill, a maſculine, ſtrong ſound t' expreſſe:
Now playing yong mens ſports, now playing ſome
Braue Old mens actions, with an honeſt thombe.
The warme *Ligurian* ſhoare growes hot to Mee:
And I'me now winterd at my Natiue Sea;
Where the rocks yeeld a ſhoare to them that ſaile,
And where the hauen into a large vale
Retires it ſelfe. *Tis fairely worth the ſight,*
The port of Luna, full of much delight.
Thus ſaid wiſe *Ennius* Aft'r h' had dreamd he was
Homer, the fift form'd by *Pythagoras*
His Peacockes ſoule. Here I retir'd liue free
From caring what the People thinke of me:
And what th' vnluckie South-wind doth prepare
For cattle; Nor doe I take griefe or care
If that my neighbours field's more fat then mine.
Let all poore-borne grow rich, Ile neuer pine
With ſtooping age; for That or want good cheere:
Or touch the ſigne of dreggy ſealed beere
In a hoar'd flaggon. Yet another may
Diſſent from this. For oft the ſame birth-day

Hath

Hath an Aſcendent ſtrongly influent
Producing eu'n in twinnes a different
Yea an oppoſed *Genius*. For the one
Warily with great circumſpection,
And on his Birth-day only, dips his drie
Coorſe hearbs in briniſh ſauce, which he doth buy
In a ſmall cup, His Owne ſelfe ſprinkeling
His diſh vvith Pepper as a Holy thing.
The other a braue boy couragiouſly
Spends his large portion in luxurie
On his conſuming tooth. But as for Mine,
Ile Vſe it: yet ne're let my Freedmen dine
With Turbets: nor be curious-mouth'd to know
But by the taſte, if't be a Thruſh or no.
Proportion thy expences by thy gaine:
And grind out freely (for thou maiſt) thy graine
Laid vp within thy barnes. What ſhouldſt thou feare?
But harrovv, and behold ſtraight will appeare
Another harueſt. [a] Why, I Would thus ſpend,
But Dutie hinders me. For my poore friend,
His ſhip being ſplit, held by the *Brutian*
Sharpe rockes; and buri'd in th' *Ionian*
Rough vvaues all his eſtate, and his deafe cries
Neglected by the Gods: and himſelfe lies

[a] *The couetous mans pretended reaſon in defence of himſelfe.*

Vpon

Vpon the ſhoare with his great Gods, which he
Caught from his broken ſhip, whoſe ribs now bo
Expos'd vnto the Cormorant. [b] Nay, Now
Giue him ſome of thy Land: and doe not thou
Thinke thou canſt be Too free; Let him not lacke,
Wandring with a Greene * Table at his backe.
But if thou impaire thy wealth, thy angred heire
Of thy laſt funerall-feaſt will take ſmall care:
And with neglect into thy vrne will throw
Thy bones without perfumes, careleſſe to know
Whether he buy dull-ſmelling Cinnamum,
Or Caſia corrupt with Cherry-gumme.
Hee'le ſay, What doſt thou idly ſpend thy wealth,
My portion, being in thy perfect Health?
But more; I'me ſure there's thriftie *Beſtius*
Doth preſſe your learnedſt *Gracian* Doctors, thus;
Thus 'tis, ſince your Fond Liberalitie,
Rather [c] emaſculate ſoft Luxurie,
With pepper, dates, and other ware hath come
From your lewd *Greece* vnto our Citie *Rome*,
Our very Mowers doe with too much oile

b Perſius *his replie.* * *The table of his ſhipwracke.* c *Thus with the moſt accurate Interpreters, I render* Maris Expers, *taking* Maris *for the genitiue caſe of* Mas, *not of* Mare; *For then there were a manifeſt contradiction in the ſenſe; becauſe preſently after, he ſayes, it came from* Greece *and ſo by conſequent, ouer the* Sea.

Thei

Their ancient wholesome meate Sawcily spoile.
But fear'st these things beyond thy grane? Draw neere,
Thou whosoe're shalt be My heire, and heare:
And that into our talke none may intrude,
Let vs retire from the thicke multitude.
My friend, know'st not the newes? *Cæsar* hath sent
A Laurell for a signe and ornament
Of his great conquest o'er *Germanie*:
And the cold ashes which before did lie
Vpon the Altars, are now swept away:
And with great care and joy *Cæsonia*
Fixeth the conquer'd Kings armour of proofe
And all their weapons to the temples roofe:
Clads all the captiues in a dirt-browne freize:
Placeth the *Rheni* of a huge vast size:
And orders all their coaches: Wherefore I
Will bring for this so happy victory
To th' Gods and our great Captaines *Genius*
hundred paire of fencers. I being thus
freely dispos'd, who doth forbid? Dar'st Thou
Voe; if thou yeeld'st not. Say, that I'me pleas'd now
pon the people to bestow a doale

Persius *heere answeret to the obiection which hee himselfe brought for the couetous man.* e *The Emperour Caligula's wife makes all things ready for the triumph.* f *The Romans counted their Fencers shewes a part of their Religion; as* Turnebus *well obserues, in his Aduers. lib. 30. cap. 7. p. 1093.*

Of oile and flesh-pies: dost thou dare controule?
Speake out, and plainely. Why, your land, thou'lt say,
Is not so fat, so honeleſſe, but I may,
For any cauſe I ſee, not greatly care,
Whether or no, you doe make Me your Heire.
Well then, ſcorne Thou my Loue; yet thus much know
Enow will be my heire, and thanke me too.
For were none of my fathers ſiſters left:
No couſin-germane: or were I bereft
Of all my vnkle's neece's daughters: ſay,
My mothers ſiſter had di'd barraine: nay,
That none ſprung from my grandame did ſuruiue:
Briefely, that not one kinſman were aliue:
I'le goe but to g *Bouille*, or the g hill
Of *Virbius*, where ſtandeth ready ſtill,
Poore *Mannius*: He ſhall be my heire. h What Me?
A ſonne o' th' Earth? Obſcure? h Why aske of Me,
Who was my fourth Forefather, I can't Well
And Readily declare, though I Can tell.
But if you'de know His father, and againe
That fathers father: ſure you muſt remaine
Satisfied thus; That He did drawe His birth
Immediately from his mother earth;
And ſo at laſt, you'le finde *Mannius* to be

g *Theſe were places not farre from* Rome, *where beggers vſed to* [illegible] *almes of paſſengers.* h *The interrogation of his couetous heire, and* [illegible] *reply of* Perſius.

y right of kinne, great vnkle vnto Me.
et why at all should'st Thou indeed desire
o be my Heire, when thou might'st be my Sire
or Age? and why should'st thou demand of Mee
y torch, when I in course runne After Thee?
et if thou be my heire, me thinkes, thou ought'st
o be content, with what thou neuer bought'st.
e *Mercurie*, and come, to Thee, a God,
he is [k] Painted. With a churlish nod
orn'st my free offer? Wilt not thou be glad
r what is left? [l] Why, heeres not all you had
eft to You by Your father. [l] True indeed.
ch I did spend on mine owne proper need.
briefly, this is all is left: which All
Gi[illegible] o thee; And doe not thou now brawle
kindly with me: neither aske me where
hat which *Tadius* left me: and ne're
e me hard words, as fathers drawing nigh
ii end, doe giue their sonnes before they die;
, See thou put out the Principall:
pend but of the Vse: let That be all.
ut yet, What's Left? [m] What's left? Now lib'rally

[illegible] the race celebrated in honour of Prometheus, where first, running with a torch in his hand, when hee was weary, gaue the next after him. [k] with a purse of money in his hand. [l] The enquiring obiection of his couetous Heire, and the reply of Persius. [m] One murmuring interrogation more, of his greedie heire; and the scorne of Persius full of indignation.

Pow're, boy, pow're oile vpon my hearbes. Shall I
Vpon a high festiuall day, bee fed
VVith a sod nettle, and a leane swines head
Hung vp i'th' smoake by th' eare; vnto the end
This lewd knaue may My goods hereafter spend?
And fill'd with dainty jiblets, without shame
Lewdly embrace a soft *Patrician* Dame;
VVhen as his wayward, full-swolne, chiding veine;
VVith an vncertaine lust doth sob againe?
Shall I be like the warpe of bare cloth, that
To him a strutting panch may quagge with fat?
[n] Oh, sell thy Soule for Gaine, to leaue thy heire
VVealthy: and so thou gettest by thy ware,
Ne're care how honestly. Sift eu'ry coast
Of the whole world, that thou mayst truely boast,
No man feedes fatter *Cappadocian* knaues
In a rough cage, then are Thy lustie slaues.
Double thy wealth. [o] Tis done; nay't has increas'd
Three, foure, ten-fold as much. Yet scarce is ceas'd.
And now, where likewise I may rest, designe,
Chrysippus, thou that didst Thy [p] heape confine.

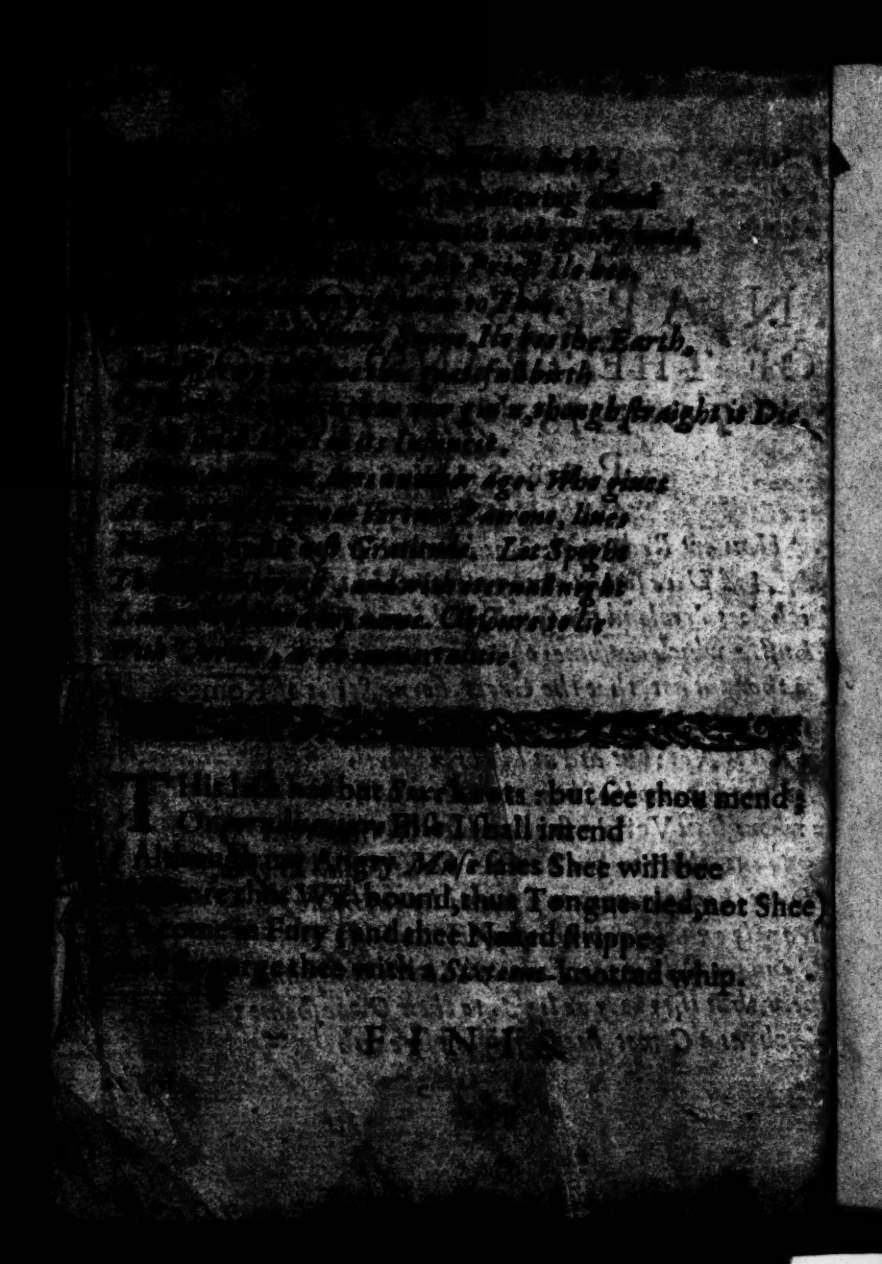
n *A Satyricall Irony in the person of some Third Speaker.* o *The answere of* Persius. p Sorites, *of which kinde of Argumentation,* Chrysippus *was the Authour.*

The end of PERSIVS.

AN

AN APOSTROPHE OF THE TRANSLATOR TO HIS AVTHOR PERSIVS.

THou art Redeem'd; Nor has the Fate of Time
And Vice seiz'd on thy glory. The Worst crime
Which does o'recloud the Guilty, addes to Thee
A Lustre, which outshines obscurity.
Who thought not, that the Great-borne Spirit of Rome
Had lien o'rewhelm'd in her Last Brutus *tombe?*
Yet did it Not: but did at last bring forth
Thee, the Example of her Ancient worth.
In whom, had Vesta's *fire by which* Rome *Stood*
Beene out, there might have yet beene found as good.
Mount then, thou purer fire, and let thy heate
Strongly exhale from their infectious seate
Th' ennenom'd fogges of vice; And then inflame
Them, that they may be lights to their Owne shame;
Which, as a Comet, may affright the earth



Aulus Perſius Flaccus
HIS
SATYRES:

Tranſlated into Engliſh,

By

ARTEN HOLYDAY,
Maſter of Arts, and Student of
CHRIST-CHVRCH in
OXFORD.

And now newly by him reviewed
and amended.

Hinc trabe quæ dicas, menſamq; relinq; Mycenis
Cum capite & pedibus———

LONDON
Printed by *W. Stansby* for *W. Arondell*,
and are to be ſold at his Shop in
Pauls Church-yard, at the
ſigne of the *Angell*.
1617.

To the Reader.

IVdicious Reader (for to Thee as to a Iuſt PATRONE, I make my Dedication) with the trueſt ingenuitie I ſubmit theſe my endeuours, the not-vnprofitable recreations only of ſeuerer ſtudies. To excite thy attention, I may without ambition ſay it is a New thing, *Perſius* Vnderſtood. When firſt I entertayned the attempt, I was oppoſed by ſeeming-inſuperable difficulties: The labouring to Apprehend, to Expreſſe

the ſenſe of my Author: the reconci
ling of contrary Expoſitions: the fin
ding out the order of his paſſages
grounded on a natural, but much con
cealed dependancy of his preceden
and ſubſequent matter: the endeuou
ring to render him with breuity, per
ſpicuity and his Owne Strength: Laſ
ly, the amputation of vn-neceſſar
Criticiſmes of ſome Interpreters, fro
whom on iuſt reaſon I ſometimes d
part.

And that in this point I may ſtan
cleere from the priuate ſurmiſe
ſome tacite Cenſurer: I will ſhew v
to thee, among many, two onely
their curioſities, and thoſe in the fro
of the worke.

The firſt is about the word *Prol*
which ſome would haue to be here
ſed, to ſignifie, that the Poet had m
deſtly wet his lips in *Hippocrene*, b
neuer endrench'd them, or dran
dee

deepe thereof. I grant that the word in the originall Can beare that ſenſe; but that it doth in This place, I confidently deny. And ſtand confirmed by this reaſon: becauſe the Poet Satyrically Derideth thoſe, that attributed the facultie of poetrie to ſo inſufficient and vaine a cauſe, as the drinking of that Well was. (He himſelfe afterwards confeſſing, ironically, his Owne skill to be Conſtrayned: howſoeuer, not proceeding from ſo Fond a cauſe) and therefore in the like ſort preſently after, hee ſaith (if the Critiques had obſerued it) that hee neuer ſlept on *Parnaſſus*: which was alſo held as another cauſe of the poetique facultie. Where, with reaſon, as good as theirs, one might ſay, He neuer ſlept Soundly or Snorted on that hill, but had lightly taken a gentle nap. The parts of the ſimilitude hold an equall proportion: and then I referre the ridicu-

lous curioſitie to the ſecret ſmile of the Iudicious.

The ſecond is about the next word *Caballino*: with which, according to Their expoſition, the epithet which in my tranſlation I giue to *Pegaſus*, may ſeeme ſomewhat to ſtraine curteſie: inaſmuch as it implyeth the ſwiftneſſe (and ſo by conſequent the praiſe) of the horſe, to which it is (iuſtly) applyed: when as They would haue it to bee vſed in the diſgrace of the vaine Poets, which are here derided. Deriuing ſo the ignominy of the word *Caballus*, from the Well to the Perſons: implying Them to be baſe pack-horſe Poets. A pretty, but impoſed meaning, if farther enquired into. For if the Poet vſe this word eſpecially for that reaſon, it might ſeeme (me thinks) that he did forget what horſe he himſelfe meant: there being as great difference between *Pegaſus* a winged horſe,

and

and *Caballus* a pack-horſe, as well-nigh could be betweene two creatures of one kinde. But if they once come to Coniectures, I may aſſume the like liberty to interpoſe Mine alſo; And then I Could thinke (which, I wonder, the Critiques did not ſee) that the Poet vſed this word before others, for a moſt naturall & ſtrong reaſon drawn from the *Etymologie* of the word *Caballus*; which, as *Iſidore* in his *Originals* hath it, *Lib.* 12. *cap.* 1. is deriued, *à cauando: propter quòd gradiens vngulâ impreſsâ terram concauet, quod reliqua animalia non habent*; And then who ſeeth not how excellently the hiſtorie of *Pegaſus* is intimated in this word? This *Etymologie* is much ſtrengthned by the letter *v* changed into *b*. For in the Moderne languages which haue drawne their originall from the *Latine*, we ſee the *v* ſtil retayned, as in the Italian and Spaniſh *Cavallo*, & in the French *Cheval*;

val; and which may bee obſerued
Theſe words in none of theſe Moder
languages imply any diſgrace, but ar
generally attributed to all Horſes
Nay, from theſe wordes are drawn
Titles of dignitie, as *Cavaliero*, in th
Italian, *Cheualier* in the French, an
Cavallero in the Spaniſh.

But (that I may follow them n
farther in theſe their wandring ſpecu-
lations) to ſpeake freely: I thinke the
Poet neither thought as They thinke,
nor as I ſhew how I Could thinke, and
thinke as well as They. I am perſwa-
ded that more is picked out of theſe
Poets, then they themſelues euer
meant. For indeede when a Satyriſt,
through the heate of his loue to Ver-
tue, is ſet on fire to ſee the deſperate
ſecuritie of prophaneneſſe: the furie
of his paſſion doth ſo tranſport him:
that there is no time left for the place-
ing or diſplacing, chooſing or reie-

ctin

cting of ſome particular word: but as moſt commonly their paſſions are vneuen, rough, and furious: ſo is that alſo which they write being in this poeticall perturbation.

The difficulties which I haue here ſet downe, were by my peculiar affection to This Author, at laſt all ouercome. I haue not herein bound my ſelfe with a ferularie ſuperſtition to the letter: but with the ancient libertie of a Tranſlator, haue vſed a moderate paraphraſe, where the obſcuritie did more require it: yet ſo, that with all conuenient poſſibilitie, I ſtick vnto his Wordes. To haue added large Annotations, had beene but to tranſcribe a Commentarie or a Dictionarie. Such briefe ones notwithſtanding, as without which, the ſenſe could not be ſufficiently explicate, yet could not be well inſerted into the Text; with all compendious perſpicuitie I haue adiected

iected in the Margine: prefixing Arguments to euery Satyre.

From the affected obscuritie, wherwith this Author hath hitherto laboured, I cannot altogether quit him, yet doubtlesse, it, in part, proceeded from the want of Libertie, which in his desperate times, was altogether lost; though, I confesse, He durst say Somewhat.

As for My labours: I much abhor so sickly an impotency, as to ouerweane my selfe with a conceit of mine owne worke; though, if my best friends tell me truth, It may beare a Iudge. But howsoeuer; If the truely Iudicious (who are alwayes attended with Perspicacity and a milde censure that true Exciter of promising ingenuities) shall courteously accept it: I am Crown'd: and hauing thus finished this worke of an Others inuention, I may be excited to a second and more liberall

liberall attempt of mine owne.

But if any Left-handed *Pythagorians* (who enforce Writers now adayes as the Ancients did their Comœdians, to vſe in ſtead of Prologues expreſſing their Arguments, Apologies againſt the malicious) ſhall ſiniſterly accept, what is courteouſly offered: I onely wiſh them the other good quality of the *Pythagorians*, *Silence*. For the ouerſights which I may be perchance conuinced of (as the pureſt eye ſeeth not its owne blemiſhes, but by reflection) I will, being ſhewed them, with free ingenuity confeſſe: and doubt not of pardon; hauing two ſo good Sollicitors in the eye of any, but moderately courteous; Mine Owne Infancy (in reſpect of any Maturity of iudgment) and the vnacquainted difficulty of my attempt. To haue cõmitted No faults in my Tranſlation, had beene to Tranſlate

ſlate My Selfe, and put off Man.

What other faults Detracters would Make (by their Owne Reading, or Interpretation) let them know, they are committed not out of Ignorance, but Election, after a iuſt conſultation with more then a * Dozen Expoſiters. But why doe I in the Indiſcretion of Too-much humilitie, proſtrate my endeuours to the Tyrannie of the Ignorant: who ſtand Herein ſo Many degrees below the facultie of Iudging Cenſurers? If any in the procacity of baſer malice (rayſed commonly from a deſpaire of Imitation) ſhall proceed farther vnto contumelies: I ſhall not neede, as ſome doe (though I approue Their courſe alſo) to arme my ſelfe with a confidence of Religion; I will not put it to the ſtreſſe: nor againſt the ſtroke of ſo leaden a Sword, vſe the protection of ſo golden a Shield.

* *Cornutus.*
Author veterum Glo-ſarum.
Murmellius
Vinetus.
Pithoeus.
Marcilius.
Foquelinus.
Tornorupæ
Lubinus.
Caſaubonus
Friſchlinus.
Bondus.
Farnabius.

hield. A little aſſum'd Stoiciſme
ſhall ſerue the turne; and with a
Secure Contempt, I'le let
them Scoule alowd
Vn-heard.

Farewell.

Thine

Barten Holyday.

A

LETTER OF A IVDICIOVS FRIEND requested by the Author to deliuer his Censure on his TRANSLATION.

MAster B. H. *I haue read your smooth translation of rough* PERSIVS, *and send it home to you with my Censure (such as you wish) ingenuously free. I will deale Iustly with you Now, Friendly at Other times. In My iudgement,*

when you conuerſed in this familiar and friendly manner with PERSIVS *his* Satyres, *your wit ſtooped farre below the eleuation of its owne worth. But as* Scaliger *ſaid of* Claudian *and his workes*, Solo argumento ignobiliore oppreſſus addit de ingenio, quantum deeſt materiæ: (Lib. 6. cap. 5. Poetic.) *So I of You and Your Poemes: Whatſoeuer is meane in your Author, is (me thinkes) ſo choiſely adorned by your* Genius: *that if it ſtand out of the preſence of Ignorance or deſperate Emulation, it may be Gracefull. Which I doe more heartily affirme, becauſe you haue Chaſtiſed your Poet with modeſt, yet ſigni-*

ſignificant termes: where ſome ranke-breathed Interpreter would haue rendred him with a ſtrong ſauour of laſciuiouſneſſe. I know not now, what ſhould ſtay you from ſending it abroad, or Others from giuing it welcome entertaynment. If Old PERSIVS *were euer worth the hauing: yours, I doubt not, will be thought Well worth the reading; yet looke for Other cenſures and Neglect them.*

Farewell.

Your louing Friend,

IOHN LEY.

DArke Perſius, Ambroſe *threw thy booke on ground*
With indignation, 'cauſe 'twas ſo profound:
But now in Fathers *roome a* Child *is ſprung,*
That reades thy Satyres *in a vulgar tongue.*
No Ambroſe, *yet with ambroſe to be fed,*
That could ſo wiſely track where thou couldſt tred,
He takes away thy vayle, and makes that line
Tranſalpine, which the Romans *would confine:*
Now let thy wandring ſhaddow freely roue,
And ſeeke great place in the Eliſian *groue,*
Where ſince there's ſtore of Bay, for him one knit,
That makes the looſer Britaynes *feare thy wit.*
Needes muſt his owne *inuentions* radiant *be,*
That caſts ſuch beames *through* thy opacitie.
Hence-forth (bright HOLYDAY*) to change refuſe*
Thine Owne Terpſichore, *with tranſlated Muſe.*

IN *Latio* latuit *Saturnum* filius : *Aulum*
Sic poterat ſoboles iſta latere ſuum,
Ante tuas (HOLYDAIE) faces; hâc luce refulget
Pluribus, & cæco, tectior ante, patri.

Gymnasiarcha puer, festivus ludat vterque:
Per *Festum* vobis otia quanta *Diem*?

Nec fonte, &c. Nec in bic: &c.

Nunquam *Pegaseas* libauit *Persius* vndas,
Aut clausit docto lumina pigra iugo.
Nempe *tibi*, fontem laticesq; & culmina *Phœb*⁹
Seruârat: pleno dum satur ore mades. (das,
Quidve *Aul*⁹ traheret? cum sic *Helicona* refun-
Vt natet *Angligenis Itala* Musa labris.

Δαῖδα λέγω ἢ δαῖτα μέλος πόρφυρε μενοῖνα
Δαῖδα σκοτισθεῖσιν δαῖτα βλέποντι σαφῶς.

IOHN WALL.

Vpon the happy Translation of the *most difficult* SATYRIST, performed by his deare friend Mr. B. H.

I Sing the Cōquest, which an English *rime,*
With al its force nere won before this Time.
Who thoght that there would extāt be the
That such stiffe, sullen, hardy Romans can *(Man*
Subdue,

Subdue, and with an hand learnedly fierce,
Binde in the fetters of a Britane *Verſe?*
Yet here is one that doth: But not as thoſe (choſe
That * changed ſhapes, *and* wandring Trojans
For to tranſlate, with lines a mile in length,
Or Paraphraſe that tyres. Such is his ſtrength
And ſtrictneſſe, he his Author without wrong
Lodges in priſons but of fiue foot long.
Some *I haue knowne, that did Attempt the ſame*
Which that they Durſt, it was their greateſt fame,
But it was He, that could diſdayne to ſtay
At this praiſe Margent, only to Aſſay:
He with impetuous and all-conquering wit
That only had the power to finiſh it.
For had They don't, I know they muſt haue left
Their grauer ſtudies, and haue filcht with theft
Guilty of too much ſacriledge, more howres,
Then time would loſe; or elſe thoſe fifter powers
Inuoke to lend them Others liues, *to plucke*
A veſſell with ſuch Remora's *beſtucke*
To wiſhed ſhore. But as for Him, with ſtrange
And eaſie haſte, he did his Roman *change*
Without complaint of time: No ſerious part
Of learning murmur'd, that he did impart
Houres to the worke. For all this was begot
(I ſpeake my conſcience) *when it was his lot*

* Ouid. Metamor. Virg. Aeneid.

To be at Truce with ſtudie. Then iudge you
That ſhall vpon his happy paynes, a view
Beſtow, that ne're the Muſes Holy-dayes
Or times of leiſure, were with greater Prayſe,
Or Thrift, or Buſineſſe ſpent: and likewiſe ſince
He conquer'd hath ſo fierce a Latin *Prince*
Vnto the Rimes and Phraſes of Our tongue:
Decree that Bayes vnto his brow belong.

A. White.

To his kinde Friend Maſter B. H vpon his Persivs.

As if in trauailes farre ingag'd, at laſt
Return'd, I gratulate thy labours paſt.
But when vnto thy wayes I turn mine eye
Dangers obſcur'd with dangers I eſpy.
I think't a taske too great for humane ſleights,
Vngraueld or vndaſht to paſſe thoſe ſtreights.
Admiring thy chaſte notes, in which vnharm'd
The Syrens *luſtfull language thou haſt charm'd.*
That Art I loue, when as 'gainſt faith of ſenſe
By ſenſe of faith I ſee things flow from thence.

No

Nor doe I (like to his ore'wheeling brayne)
PERSIVS *ſtill a cloud, imbrace in vayne;*
This's the ſubſtance giues Vice the fatall blow,
The others thunder few to feare doe know.
On enny, ſummon all the vices ſpight:
Better they ſhould be conquer'd then not Fight.

R. WELDON.

VNto his louing Friend Maſter B. H. vpon PERSIVS tranſlated.

(bold

His worke me thinks makes my coniecture Annus
*T'affirme th'*Athenians *paradox is true,* Platonicus.
When by yeeres reuolution I behold
Men dead reuiue, things long ſince old, grow new.
For ſhould dead Rome *awake, & thoſe looſe times*
Which feard and felt this ſcourging Satyriſt,
Shee might againe in vs reuiew her crimes;
As fertile is Our age. Nor hath it miſt

The

The worſt of all her ills. Vainely we thought
Thy aſhes (PERSIVS) *Slept within thine vrne*
Feard not thy laſhr: hop't negligence had wrought
Thy lines worſe Funerall: & at length would turne
All to obſcurity; For how few did ſtriue
T' enlighten thy darke phraſe, vnleſſe ſome vice
Made an acute bad comment: So to thriue
And purchaſe perſpicuity, is a price
Thou would'ſt haue griev'd to giue. Yet ſince in
We haue ore'tane paſt times: I muſt reioyce
That Conſtant induſtry ſhould get ſuch skill
As to tell vs our bad in PERSIVS *voyce:*
Whom now All vnderſtand: all may endure
To reade, but ſuch as would their crimes obſcure

T. GOFFE.

To the Author his moſt loued Friend.

WHat None haue Dar'd, Thou haſt; and might'ſt againe
With praiſe, were it vndar'd. Did'ſt thou abſtaine
Yet

Yet longer, none would dare Thee to Preuent;
If any, what could breede thy more Content
Then, when by victory, thy glory ſhould
Be doubled? yea, although recall ſome could,
From fields of reſt, thy PERSIVS *to conſult:*
Yet would no leſſe praiſe from thy lines reſult,
Then that vnparalel'd, which now is due
From thoſe that read thee. Who when they ſhal view
How truly with thine Author thou doſt pace,
How hand in hand yee goe, what equall grace
Thou doſt with him obſerue in euery terme:
They cannot, but, if iuſt, iuſtly affirme:
That did your Times as doe your Lines agree,
He might be thought to haue tranſlated Thee;
But that he's Darker, not ſo Strong; Wherein
Thy Greater art more clearely may be ſeene;
Which doſt thy PERSIVS *clowdy ſtormes diſplay*
With lightning and with thunder; Both which lay
Couched perchance in him, but wanted force
To breake, or light from darkneſſe to diuorce;
Till Thine Exhaled skill compreſs'd it ſo,
That forc'd the clowds to breake, the light to ſhew,
The thunder to be heard. That now each child
Can prattle what was meant: whil'ſt Thou art ſtil'd
Of all, with titles of true dignity,
For Lofty Phraſe, and perſpicuity.

I. KNIGHT.

To the Author his very good Friend.

RE-liuing Perſi°, daies-birth, Heir of fame
I wrong not Perſi°, giuing Thee His name
If any, I wrong Thee, for what He did
Had'ſt Thou him not Illuſtred, had beene hid.
This being but thy Pedeſtall of prayſe,
Oh what a Pyramis will thy Next worke rayſe
True Laureat, with bleſt Owens goe thou on;
All-imitable, imitating none.
I ſpeake not this (nor need'ſt thou it) of Fauour
But as one conſcious of thy Great workes labour.
My tongue was neuer oyl'd i' th' baſe claw-art
In Others reade thou Wit, in Me my Heart.

W. W.

To his learned Friend Mr. B. H. vpon his iudicious translation of PERSIVS.

WHat lay impriſon'd, and confin'd alone
Only to deeper apprehenſion;
Thy more benigne, ſublim'd, tranſcendent (wit
Hath reacht, and conquer'd, & imparted it.
And giu'n't to al, which makes it more thine owne
Since all are Heires of that inuention.
Nor doth one iot, ſo ſweet congruity,
Adulterate the Latin *chaſtity,*
All things conſeru'd, ſo terſe, ſo nothing *loſt,*
As if thou didſt conſult with th' Authors Ghoſt;
Such height, ſuch ſacred indignation
As ſeemes a PERSIVS, *no Tranſlation.*
On, learned Quill; thus vindicate thy name
From times prowd Iniury, Traytor to fame:
Nor ſuffer yet, that Italy *ſo long*
Should make her Vice ſpeak Engliſh, *not her tong.*
Whip back her Baſtards, ſend them home to Rome,
Let her that was their Parent, be their tombe.
Meane while I dare Congratulate our Crimes
Made happy that they could produce theſe Rimes.

T. G.

The life of AVLVS PERSIVS FLACCVS.

AVLVS PERSIVS FLACCVS was borne, as *Eusebius* reporteth, in *Hetruria*, the day before the *Nones* of *December* (according to the old Romish *Kalendar*, which is the fourth after our account) when *Fabius Priscus* and *Lucius Vitellius* were Consuls, in the twenteth yeere of *Tiberius* raigne, as some say, or as others the one and twentieth. That *Volaterra* was the place of his birth, himselfe witnesseth in his sixt Satyre.

The warme Ligurian shore growes hot to me,
And I'me now winterd at my native Sea,
Where the Rocks yeeld a shore to them that sayle,
And where the Hauen into a large vale
Retyres it selfe——

wherein

wherein he deſcribeth the Moone-haue
which was a Towne in *Hetruria*, by hi
alſo called his owne Sea. By his Fath
being left an Orphant, he beſtowed h
time in learning at *Volatterræ*, the place
his birth, till he was twelue yeeres ol
Afterward at Rome he heard *Rhemni*
Palæmon the Grãmarian, and *Virginius F*
uius the Rhetorician. Laſtly, at ſeuentee
yeeres old, when he came to mans eſta
hee chiefly obſerued *Annæus Cornutu*
Stoike Philoſopher, who in the ſtudie
Wiſedome excelled all the yong men
his time. Of friends he eſpecially vſ
Minutius Macrinus a Prince of the R
man Chiualrie, and *Cæſius Baſſus* the L
rick. *Quintillian* reporteth he wrote o
Satyres. Concerning his death Autho
diſagree: ſome referring the time there
to the eight and twentieth, others to t
thirtieth of his Age, ſome to the eigh
yeere, others to the ninth of *Ner*
reigne.

C

Aulus Perſius Flaccus

HIS

SATYRES.

The Prologue.

ARGVMENT.

Need and not Inſpired skill
Makes our Author trie his quill.

MY lippes did neuer touch the ſpring
Of the wing'd horſe: nor can I bring
To minde, that ere I dream'd vpon
Two-topt Parnaſſus, *that thereon*
I might be' Inſpir'd and So Vp-ſtart
A Poet by Infuſed art.

And all the Muſes *that doe dwell*
'Bout pale Pirene, *and the well*
Of Helicon, *to Thoſe I leaue,*
Vnto whoſe ſtatue's browes doth cleaue
The luy-greene incircling Crowne.
In humbleneſſe I halfe a Clowne
Doe onely bring this my rude line,
Vnto Apollo's *ſacred ſhrine.*
Yet blame me not for my bold deed:
Alas! I write enforc'd by need.*
Who taught the Parrot his kind Haile?
Who taught the Pie ſo to preuaile
To frame Our words? 'Twas but to fill
Their belly, maſter of their skill;
Which skilfull is to make them reach
Voices, which Nature cannot teach.
Nay; if there chance to ſhine but ſome
Hope, of deceitfull Gaine to come:
Crow-poets and poetique Pies
You'd thinke did chaunt ſweet ayries;
And make (when as they harſhly Crie)
A Pegaſean *Melodie.*

* A ſatiricall Ironie *Perſius* was a Knight of *Rome* of ſufficie
wealth.

THE FIRTS SATYRE, IN FORME OF A *DIALOGVE.*

The Speakers { PERSIVS. / MONITOR.

ARGVMENT.

Inſpired poets Art and Pride
Our Satirist doth here deride.

O Cares of men! O emptie Vanitie (tires?
Of things! *M.* who'l read theſe Wondring Sa-

P. Why?

P. [a] Why? Doſt Thou ſay ſo my Friend?
M. Faith I thinke none. (None
P. How ſaiſt thou? None? *M.* Perchance ſome two, or-
M. Tis hard. *P.* Yet why? Left *Rome's* [b] *Polydamas*
And doutie *Troians* ſhould preferre the aſſe
[c] *Labeo* before Mee? Tuſh; their falſe doome
Is but a trifle. If diſturbed *Rome*
Proudly ſleight any thing, ſcorne to deſcend
To Their Vaine cenſure: neither ſtriue to mend
The tongue of thy falſe ballance in Their ſcale
Which is as wrong: but if thou'dſt neuer faile
Know This: *To trie thy ſecret innocence,*
The ſureſt witneſſe is thy conſcience.
For Who is Not at *Rome*? O that I might
But freely ſpeake, yet ſpeake no more then Right.
And So I May. Then, when I caſt mine eie
On thoſe whoſe Faces promiſe Grauitie:
On our ſad *Stoickes*: on the things we doe
Since we left off to play with puts: and vie w
Our actions, when we labour much to be

a *Out of the too abundant varietie of the interpunctions of theſe th verſes following, I could find none more accurate, then this I haue ext cted, and here vſed.* b *Ironically here the Poet cals* Nero Polydam *who is much famouſed by* Homer *in diuers places for his vertue, yea compared with* Hector. Iliad. μ. c *A ridiculous Poet, that tranſla fiue Bookes of* Homers Iliads *into verſe, word for word, with extrea obſcuritie, and no leſſe abſurditie.*

Stern

Sterne Vnckles. Then! then! But, oh, pardon me,
I will not touch. Yet can I hold my peace
Vrg'd Thus? and from reuenge ſo Iuſt, Thus ceaſe?
I'me of a Scoffing ſpleene. I Loue to Flout
At Hypocrites: therefore it now Muſt out.
Then Thus.
Being immur'd from each mans ſight
In ſome obſcure retired place, we write
Some, eu'n-pac'd numbers, *Some* freefooted proſe,
Some weighty thing, which th'Author ſtrongly blowes
From his large-winded lungs. For he rehearſes
Vnto the people ſtraight his wel-pen'd verſes;
His haire being firſt kemb'd ſmooth, and then he dight,
In a faire comely garment freſh and white,
Wearing ſome precious jewell, which ſome friend
On's birth-day to him for a gift did ſend,
With moiſt'ning ſyrrope hauing clear'd his throat
Apt Now to ſound it in a various note.
Then is he reading in a ſeat on high,
Diſſolu'd vnto a luſtfull *Acting* eye.
Where thou maiſt ſee eu'n thoſe that beare the name
Of *Rome's* braue *Titi* (but vnto their ſhame)
To ſhake with trembling luſt, and to reioice
Obſcenely, with a broken skreaking voice
When a leud line their inward loines doth pierce,
And touch them with a luſt-prouoking verſe.

But thou Old Dotard, doſt Thou ſtriue to ſeed
Other men's eares? nay, Theirs who without heed
Or moderate diſcretion praiſe thee ſo,
That (skinne-peel'd Aſſe!) thy ſelfe doſt firſt cry, Hoe?
[d] Why did I learne vnleſſe this leauen here
Inbred, this ſtrong wild-figtree *ſhould appeare*?
And from its ſeate the liuer breaking forth
Shew to the world its owne, though vnknowne worth?
P. O ſee ambitious paleneſſe! ſee Old Age!
At ſuch corrupted times Who could not rage?
Think'ſt thou, thou nothing know'ſt, if it be ſo,
That others know not, that thou this doſt know?
[e] O but tis braue to heare men cry, *See, ſee?*
And pointing with their fingers, ſay, *That's he.*
Say you 'had a poeme which ſo ſmoothly runs,
That 'twere for lectures read to great mens ſons,
Braue lads with curled lockes, like gold ſo yellow:
Would not you thinke your ſelfe a prettie fellow?
P. O that's not all! See, our *Romulidans*
Prophane our ſacred poems with foule hands!
Reading, amidſt their bowels, poems diuine,
Being full vp to the throat with fleſh and wine.
Where if forſooth one clad in purple cloth's,
Snaffle ſome muſtie ſtuffe through's muffling noſe

d *Here the Poet faineth a reply of this old ambitious Poet defending himſelfe.* e *A ſecond reply.*

Melting

Melting forth faire *Hypſipyle's* ſad ſong
Or *Phyllis* fortune with a moiſt'ned tong
Or ſome ſuch tales which poetrie affordes
His daintie palate tripping forth his wordes,
The Men aſſent! And are not th' aſhes then
Of this Rare poet bleſt? This man of men
Hath he not now a f lighter mole of earth
Gently preſſing his bones? A gen'rall mirth
Enſues: the gueſt with hands and voices ring
His due applauſe; And ſhall there not now ſpring
Eu'n from his *Manes*, from the hollow wombe
Of his thriſe-happy vrne-incloſing tombe
Sweet Violets? But, Oh, ſaies one, you touch
Too ſcoffingly, wrinkling your noſe Too much.
For doth there breath a man that can reiect
A gen'rall praiſe? and his owne lines neglect?
Lines worth immortall Cedars recompence,
Nere fearing new-ſold Fiſh or Frankincenſe?
Well, whoſoe're thou art whom I did make
But now, the Aduerſe part to vndertake;
When I my ſelfe doe write, if from my braine

f *The Ancient Ethniques did vſe to pray that the tombe-ſtones of their dead friends might bee light vnto them; becauſe they beleeued that their* Manes *or ſoules remained in their ſepulchres, and were ſenſible of ſuch accidents. They held likewiſe the ſpringing of flowers from the graue of a deceaſed friend, an argument of his happineſſe.*

Doe flow by greateſt chance ſome happy ſtraine
(For tis by chance) My heart is not ſo hard
So hornie, as to feare the due reward
Of deſeru'd fame. Only I doe denie
The ſcope of vertuous actions to lie
In thy *O braue! O fine!* for ſearch but this
Thy *O fine!* and within it What not is?
No; in Theſe papers knowe thou ſhalt not find
Labe'os helleborated lines confind
Too ſuperſtitiouſly to Words: nor weake
Loue-elegies, ſuch as *Rome's* Nobles ſpeake:
Whoſe iudgement, like their ouercharged maw,
Wants ſtrong concoctions heat, and is Yet raw.
Briefly whatſe're on g Citrean beds is writ,
We hence exclude as th'excrement of wit.
Thou doſt ſome diſh of good hot meate prouide
For ſome poore wretch (whoſe belli's his tongs guide)
Or to thy quaking foll'wer thou doſt caſt
Thy thread-bare cloake (which could no longer laſt)
Then thus thou ſpeak'ſt. You know eu'n from my youth
I hated lies, now therefore tell me truth.
Of me (*P.* Can He tell truth? Wilt let Me ſpeake?

g *The* Romans *had their* lecti lucubratorij *on which they ſtudied, and* trichmares, *on which they ate: the latter are rather vnderſtood in this place, for he principally ſpeaketh againſt the verſes they writ amongſt their cups.*

Thou

Thou trifleſt (bald-pate aſſe!) and thy skill's weake.
Seeing a fat-hogge-trough-panch before thee ſtruts
Full Eighteene inches with a load of guts.
O bleſſed *Ianus*! happy is Thy lucke!
Behind [h] thy backe, whom neuer Storkes bill ſtrucke:
At whom no nimble finger'd hand being fram'd
Like aſſes white eares, euer Yet was aim'd:
Nor ſo much tongue thruſt forth in a baſe flout
As an *Apulian* bitch for thirſt lils out.
You O *Patrician* blood whoſe heads are blind
(th' hinder part, preuent a ſcorne behind.)
What doe men ſay? [i] That now your verſes flow,
In a ſoft number'd pace both ſweet and flow,
Whoſe well-ſmooth'd parts are ſo exactly join'd
That the ſeuereſt naile can neuer finde
The leaſt vneu'neſſe. O ſaies one, he makes
A verſe, as he that his true leuell takes,
Shutting one eye, for to direct his line,
Which drawing, with red oaker he doth ſigne.
Whether he ſcourge with his deepe-wounding rimes

[h] *Three maner of flouts were vſed by the Ancients. The firſt was with their hand to make a Storkes bill, their fingers being all collected together, and then let out with a flurt. The ſecond was to put their thumbes to the temples of their heads, and then wagge their fingers like aſſes eares, which within are ſomewhat white. The third was to lill out their tongues, like dogges in the heate of Summer, eſpecially in hot Countries, ſuch as is Apulia a region in* Italy. [i] *The anſwere of the flatterer.*

The

Lai'ſt-in wine, with ſuch other things thou knowſt
Are fit for Nauigation: then ſtraight go'ſt
To ſhippe; where nothing hinders thee to faile
O're the *Ægæan* Sea with a full gaile,
But Luxurie. That doth ſeduce thy weake
Vnſtayednesſe, and thus with Art doth ſpeake.
Whither, Oh whither madman, doſt thou run? (done?
Whither? What lackſt thou? What wouldſt thou haue
([m] And now thy hot breſt with ſtrong ire doth ſwell,
Which a whole pot of Hemlock can ſcarce quell.)
Wilt thou paſſe ore the Seas? Wilt thou ere eate
Thy Supper, making a Stretch'd Rope thy ſeate?
Shall a broad-bottom'd tankard that does ſtinke
Of pitch, fume out the wine that Thou muſt drinke?
Nay, vile ruddie *Veientane* wine? ſtriu'ſt thou
To make thy lab'ring money ſweat forth now
Eleu'n in twelue, the which did Heere obtaine
Ne're aboue Fiue in Twelue, a modeſt gaine?
Come, come: cheriſh thy *Genius*: let's be free
T'enioy a full delight: for without Me
Life is Not: and remember that ere long,
Thou ſhalt be but a Ghoſt, duſt, and the ſong
O'th' People. Thinke how thou by death ſhalt paſſe
Away, like Time. This which I'ue Spoke, It was.

m. *Theſe two lines, the Poet interiects in his owne perſon.*

What

What doſt thou now? Two hookes a double way
Now drawe thee; Wilt thou this, or This obey?
Thou muſt be ſlaue to both alternately:
Now ſeruing Auarice, now Luxurie.
Nor maiſt thou, if thou doſt for Once withſtand
Their inſtant and importunate command,
Say ſtraight, I'ue broke their bands; For, loe,
A dogge by tugging breakes his knot, iuſt ſo,
Who, though he runne away and bite and ſtraine,
Yet at his necke doth traile much of his chaine.
Chæreſtratus in ſerious meditation
Biting his naile to th'quicke through deepe vexation
Saies to his man; *Dauus*, I now intend
All my fore-paſſed griefes and Loue to end;
Beleeue mee. For ſhall I bee ſtill a ſhame,
Vnto my ſober carefull friends good name?
Shall I ſpend all my ſtocke with infamie
At the lewd threſhold of a Stews? Shall I
Drunke before *Chryſis* 'nointed moiſt doores ſtand
Singing, my torch extinguiſh'd in my hand?
O[n] rare yong *Maſter*! Be hence-forward wiſe:
And offer vp a lambe in ſacrifice,
To thy protecting Gods. [o] But doſt beleeue

n Dauus *his reioycing at his Maſters promiſed reformation.* o *The interrogation of* Chæreſtratus *to his ſeruant* Dauus.

Dauus,

Dauus, if I forſake her, that ſheele grieue?
p Doſt trifle, Idle boy? Then ſhe ſhall breake
Thy pate with her red pantofle, and wreake
Her ſpight vpon thee, that thou ſhalt not dare
To quake, nor bite her faſt-entangling ſnare.
Th'art Now auerſe and violent; but when
She ſhall perchance but call thee: thou'lt ſay then,
I come ſtraightwaies; for, why? what ſhould I doe?
Sha'n't I goe to my Loue, when Shee doth Wooe,
And Sends for me? But if thou canſt Now, Now
Redeeme thy ſelfe All and Entire; Thou, Thou
Art that thriſe-happy man, that onely He
Whom Only, We iudge to be truely free.
Not he, o're whom the fooliſh *Lictor* wagges
His rod, and of him, as His Freeman bragges.
For, Oh, can he be truely call'd his owne,
Whom Candidate Chaulkie Ambition
Drawes gaping to Her lure? To whom ſhe cries,
q Vnto thy Clients ſalutations riſe
By time, and giue a lib'rall doale of peaſe
Vnto the ſcrambling multitude: that theſe
Our large *Floralia* may be made the talke
Of Aged men hereafter as they walke
In the warme Sun; For what can be More braue?

p Dauus *his indignation, at his Maſters weake inconſtantie.* q *The wordes of Ambition.*

r And

r And art not Superſtitious to haue
On *Herods* birth-day, many candles plac'd
In order i' th' oild window much defac'd
By the fat clowd the which they vomit out,
Though with ſweet violets th'are deck'd about;
And t'haue a Tunies taile, as 'twere to ſwimme
In a red diſh, thy white bowle full to th' brimme
With wine, yet doſt not faſt till night, and pray
All the *Iewes* circumciſed Sabbath-day?
Then with Hobgoblins, and the feigned feare
Of danger from a crackt egge, and th' auſtere
Graue Prieſts of *Cybell*, and the one-eyed maid
Of *Iſis* with her timbrell, th' art diſmaid.
And thinkſt the Gods will puffe with ſome diſeaſe
Thy ſwelling skinne: if thou ſhalt them diſpleaſe:
Refuſing by their graue rules to be led,
To taſte each morne three times a Garlicke-head.
And ſaieſt thou yet, thou liu'ſt at libertie,
Being ſubiect to th' extremeſt vanitie?
Yet ſpeake this, which the Gods doe knowe, is true,
'Mongſt ful-veind ſouldiers: what would ſtraight enſue?
Some vaſt *Volpenius* with a full deepe throate
Would bellow out a laugh, in a baſe note:
And ten times ten Philoſophers of *Greece*
Would ſcarcely prize at a clipt Ten-groates piece.

r *Theſe words are ſpoken in the perſon of* Perſius.

THE SIXT AND LAST SATYRE,

TO HIS FRIEND Cæsivs Bassvs *a Lyrique Poet.*

Argvment.

The pining Niggards fruitleſſe care,
To feed the luſt of his lewd heire.

NOw, *Baſſus*, hath the cold made thee retire
Thy ſelfe, this winter, to the *Sabine* fire?

Doe

A. PERSIVS F.

Doe thy old harpe and ſtrings liue to thee ſtill,
Sounding lowd muſicke with a ſtiffer quill?
Great workman! whoſe bleſt Muſe ſweet lines affordes,
Full of the Natiue beauty of Old wordes:
And on the *Roman* harpe with happineſſe
Of skill, a maſculine, ſtrong ſound t' expreſſe:
Now playing yong mens ſports, now playing ſome
Braue Old mens actions, with an honeſt thombe.
The warme *Ligurian* ſhoare growes hot to Mee:
And I'me now winterd at my Natiue Sea;
Where the rocks yeeld a ſhoare to them that ſaile,
And where the hauen into a large vale
Retires it ſelfe. *Tis fairely worth the ſight,*
The port of Luna, full of much delight.
Thus ſaid wiſe *Ennius* Aft'r h' had dreamd he was
Homer, the fift form'd by *Pythagoras*
His Peacockes ſoule. Here I retir'd liue free
From caring what the People thinke of me:
And what th' vnluckie South wind doth prepare
For cattle; Nor doe I take griefe or care
If that my neighbours field's more fat then mine.
Let all poore-borne grow rich, Ile neuer pine
With ſtooping age; for That or want good cheere:
Or touch the ſigne of dreggy ſealed beere
In a hoar'd flaggon. Yet another may
Diſſent from this. For oft the ſame birth-day

Hath

Hath an Aſcendent ſtrongly influent
Producing eu'n in twinnes a different
Yea an oppoſed *Genius*. For the one
Warily with great circumſpection,
And on his Birth-day only, dips his drie
Coorſe hearbs in briniſh ſauce, which he doth buy
In a ſmall cup, His Owne ſelfe ſprinkeling
His diſh vvith Pepper as a Holy thing.
The other a braue boy couragiouſly
Spends his large portion in luxurie
On his conſuming tooth. But as for Mine,
Ile Vſe it: yet ne're let my Freedmen dine
With Turbets: nor be curious-mouth'd to know
But by the taſte, if't be a Thruſh or no.
Proportion thy expences by thy gaine:
And grind out freely (for thou maiſt) thy graine
Laid vp within thy barnes. What ſhouldſt thou feare?
But harrovv, and behold ſtraight will appeare
Another harueſt. [a] Why, I Would thus ſpend,
But Dutie hinders me. For my poore friend,
His ſhip being ſplit, held by the *Brutian*
Sharpe rockes; and buri'd in th' *Ionian*
Rough vvaues all his eſtate, and his deafe cries
Neglected by the Gods: and himſelfe lies

[a] *The coueteous mans pretended reaſon in defence of himſelfe.*

Vpon the ſhoare with his great Gods, which he
Caught from his broken ſhip, whoſe ribs now be
Expos'd vnto the Cormorant. [b] Nay, Now
Giue him ſome of thy Land: and doe not thou
Thinke thou canſt be Too free; Let him not lacke,
Wandring with a Greene * Table at his backe.
But if thou'impaire thy wealth, thy angred heire
Of thy laſt funerall-feaſt will take ſmall care:
And with neglect into thy vrne will throw
Thy bones without perfumes, careleſſe to know
Whether he buy dull-ſmelling Cinnamum,
Or Caſia corrupt with Cherry-gumme.
Hee'le ſay, What doſt thou idly ſpend thy wealth,
My portion, being in thy perfect Health?
But more; I'me ſure there's thriftie *Beſtius*
Doth preſſe your learneſt *Gracian* Doctors, thus;
Thus 'tis, ſince your Fond Liberalitie,
Rather [c] emaſculate ſoft Luxurie,
With pepper, dates, and other ware hath come
From your lewd *Greece* vnto our Citie *Rome*,
Our very Mowers doe with too much oile

b Perſius *his replie.* * *The table of his ſhipwracke.* c *Thus with the moſt accurate Interpreters, I render* Maris Expers, *taking* Maris *for the genitiue caſe of* Mas, *not of* Mare; *For then there were a manifeſt contradiction in the ſenſe; becauſe preſently after, he ſayes, it came from* Greece *and ſo by conſequent, ouer the* Sea.

The

Their ancient wholesome meate Sawcily spoile.
d But fear'st these things beyond thy graue? Draw neere,
Thou whosoe're shalt be My heire, and heare:
And that into our talke none may intrude,
Let vs retire from the thicke multitude.
My friend, know'st not the newes? *Cæsar* hath sent
A Laurell for a signe and ornament
Of his great conquest ouer *Germanie*:
And the cold ashes which before did lie
Vpon the Altars, are now swept away:
And with great care and ioy e *Cæsonia*
Fixeth the conquer'd Kings armour of proofe
And all their weapons to the temples roofe:
Clads all the captiues in a durt-browne freize:
Placeth the *Rheni* of a huge vast size:
And orders all their coaches: Wherefore I
Will bring for this so happy victory
f To th' Gods and our great Captaines *Genius*
A hundred paire of fencers. I being thus
Freely dispos'd, who doth forbid? Dar'st Thou?
Woe; if thou yeeld'st not. Say, that I'me pleas'd now
Vpon the people to bestow a doale

d Persius *heere answeres to the obiection, which hee himselfe brought for the couetous man.* e *The Emperour* Caligula's *wife makes all things ready for the triumph.* f *The* Romans *counted their Fencers-shewes and Plaies a part of their Religion; as* Turnebus *well obserues, in his Aduers. lib. 39. cap. 7. p. 1093.*

Of oile and fleſh-pies: doſt thou dare controule?
Speake out, and plainely. Why, your land, thou'lt ſay,
Is not ſo fat, ſo boneleſſe, but I may,
For any cauſe I ſee, not greatly care,
Whether or no, you doe make Me your Heire.
Well then, ſcorne Thou my Loue; yet thus much know:
Enow will be my heire, and thanke me too.
For were none of my fathers ſiſters left:
No couſin-germane: or were I bereft
Of all my vnkle's neece's daughters: ſay,
My mothers ſiſter had di'd barraine: nay,
That none ſprung from my grandame did ſuruiue:
Briefely, that not one kinſman were aliue:
I'le goe but to g *Bouillæ*, or the g hill
Of *Virbius*, where ſtandeth ready ſtill,
Poore *Mannius*: He ſhall be my heire. h What Hee?
A ſonne o' th' Earth? Obſcure? h Why aske of Me,
Who was my fourth Forefather, I can't Well
And Readily declare, though I Can tell.
But if you 'de know His father, and againe
That fathers father: ſure you muſt remaine
Satisfied thus; That He did drawe His birth
Immediately from his mother earth;
And ſo at laſt, you'le finde *Mannius* to be

g *Theſe were places not farre from* Rome, *where beggers vſed to aske almes of paſſengers.* h *The interrogation of his couetous heire, and the reply of* Perſius.

By

By right of kinne, great vnkle vnto Me.
Yet why at all ſhould'ſt Thou indeed deſire
To be my Heire, when thou might'ſt be my Sire
For Age? and why ſhould'ſt thou demand of Mee
My torch, when I in [i] courſe runne After Thee?
Yet if thou be my heire, me thinkes, thou ought'ſt
To be content, with what thou neuer bought'ſt.
I'me *Mercurie*, and come, to Thee, a God,
As he is [k] Painted. With a churliſh nod
Scorn'ſt my free offer? Wilt not thou be glad
For what is left? [l] Why, heeres not all you had
Left to You by Your father. [l] True indeed.
Much I did ſpend on mine owne proper need.
But, briefly, this is all is left: which All
I'le Giue to thee; And doe not thou now brawle
Vnkindly with me: neither aske me where
Is that which *Tadius* left me: and ne're
Giue me hard words, as fathers drawing nigh
Their end, doe giue their ſonnes before they die;
Saying, See thou put out the Principall:
And ſpend but of the Vſe: let That be all.
[m] But yet, What's Left? [m] What's left? Now lib'rally

[i] *An alluſion to the race celebrated in honour of* Prometheus, *where the firſt, running with a torch in his hand, when hee was wearie, gaue it to the next after him.* [k] *With a purſe of money in his hand.* [l] *The murmuring obiection of his couetous Heire, and the reply of* Perſius. [m] *One murmuring interrogation more, of his greedie heire; and the reply of* Perſius *full of indignation.*

 Pow're,

Pow're, boy, pow're oile vpon my hearbes. Shall I
Vpon a high feſtiuall day, bee fed
VVith a ſod nettle, and a leane ſwines head
Hung vp i'th' ſmoake by th' eare; vnto the end
This lewd knaue may My goods hereafter ſpend?
And fill'd with dainty jiblets, without ſhame
Lewdly embrace a ſoft *Patrician* Dame;
VVhen as his wayward, full-ſwolne, chiding veine;
VVith an vncertaine luſt doth ſob againe?
Shall I be like the warpe of bare cloth, that
To him a ſtrutting panch may quagge with fat?
[n] Oh, ſell thy Soule for Gaine, to leaue thy heire
VVealthy: and ſo thou getteſt by thy ware,
Ne're care how honeſtly. Sift eu'ry coaſt
Of the whole world, that thou mayſt truely boaſt,
No man feedes fatter *Cappadocian* knaues
In a rough cage, then are Thy luſtie ſlaues.
Double thy wealth. [o] Tis done; nay't has increas'd
Three, foure, ten-fold as much. Yet ſcarce is ceas'd.
And now, where likewiſe I may reſt, deſigne,
Chryſippus, thou that didſt Thy [p] heape confine.

n *A Satyricall Irony in the perſon of ſome Third Speaker.* o *The anſwere of* Perſius. p Sorites, *of which kinde of Argumentation,* Chryſippus *was the Authour.*

The end of PERSIVS.

AN

AN APOSTROPHE OF THE TRANSLATOR TO HIS AVTHOR PERSIVS.

THou art Redeem'd; Nor has the Fate of Time
And Vice seiz'd on thy glory. The Worst crime
Which does o'recloud the Guilty, addes to Thee
A Lustre, which outshines obscurity.
Who thought not, that the Great-borne Spirit of Rome
Had lien o'rewhelm'd in her Last Brutus *tombe?*
Yet did it Not: but did at last bring forth
Thee, the Example of her Ancient worth.
In whom, had Vesta's *fire by which* Rome *Stood*
Beene out, there might haue yet beene found as good.
Mount then, thou purer fire, and let thy heate
Strongly exhale from their infectious seate
Th' enuenom'd fogges of vice; And then inflame
Them, that they may be lights to their Owne shame;
Which, as a Comet, may affright the earth

With horror, at its owne prodigious birth;
And, with its darting baile, threat'ning dread
Vengeance, point out to wrath each guilty head.
Bee thou the Vestall *fire, thy Priest Ile bee,*
And consecrate my vigilance to Thee.
Bee thou th' enlifening Sunne, Ile bee the Earth,
And offer up to Thee this gratefull birth
Of thankes: which thou now giv'n, though straight it Die,
It has liv'd Ages in its Infancie.
Action, not Time, does number Age. Who gives
A iust praise to great Vertues Patrone, lives
Himselfe by his iust Gratitude. Let Spight
Then doe its worst, and with eternall night
Labour to clowd my name. Obscure to lie
With Vertue, is an immortalitie.

THis lash has but *Six* knots: but see thou mend;
Or *peradventure* Else I shall intend
(Although my Angry *Muse* laies Shee will bee
No more thus Wit-bound, thus Tongue-tied, not Shee)
To come in Fury; and thee Naked strippe;
And Scourge thee with a *Sixteene*-knotted whip.

FINIS.